Saturday Review

JULY 5, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

THE THIRD MAN

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

Arthur C. Clarke, author of "The Exploration of Space." (See page 15.)

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of the AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
in NEW YORK . . . *June 29, 1952 to July 5, 1952*

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Good News

▶ Two American students at Oxford University won top literary honors by winning the Newdigate prize for English verse and the Chancellor's English essay prize. The Newdigate prize, for which the subject was "Exile," was won by D. A. Hall, who went to Oxford on a Henry Fellowship from Harvard. The Chancellor's prize, for which the subject was "Malice," was awarded to F. G. Steiner, a Rhodes scholar at Balliol College, formerly of the University of Chicago and Harvard.

▶ If the Korean armistice talks at Panmunjom have accomplished nothing else they have at least provided a home for two swallows. The birds, apparently optimistic that negotiations will continue for some time, have completed the building of a nest in one of the United Nations staff tents. Why they selected a U. N. rather than a Chinese tent is anybody's guess.

▶ James J. Guthrie, assistant director of internal revenue and head of the Treasury's 117 racket squads, said that his agents had collected $115,000,000 in unpaid taxes and penalties from racketeers thus far and expected to recover another $45,000,000 by July 31. He reported that the racket squads had an average of 2,100 agents at work and that the first year's receipts from the drive would amount to $76,000 per agent.

▶ An eighteen-year-old woman was blinded in her right eye a year ago when struck by lightning. She said her sight was restored recently when her husband's automobile overturned and a suitcase struck her in the head.

▶ A rare collection of recorded classical Burmese music has been presented to the Library of Congress by James Barrington, the Ambassador from Burma. The records, presented on behalf of the Burma-America Institute in Rangoon, represent the kind of music played and sung at the Court of Mandalay during the time of the Burmese kings in the nineteenth century. The recordings were made under the supervision of Daw Sao Mya Aye Kyi, the outstanding living authority on classical Burmese music. The Burmese harp, which is falling into disuse because it is so difficult to play, is used as the instrumental accompaniment for the songs. The records will provide a valuable source of information for musicologists and orientalists concerned with Burmese culture.

The Saturday Review

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Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

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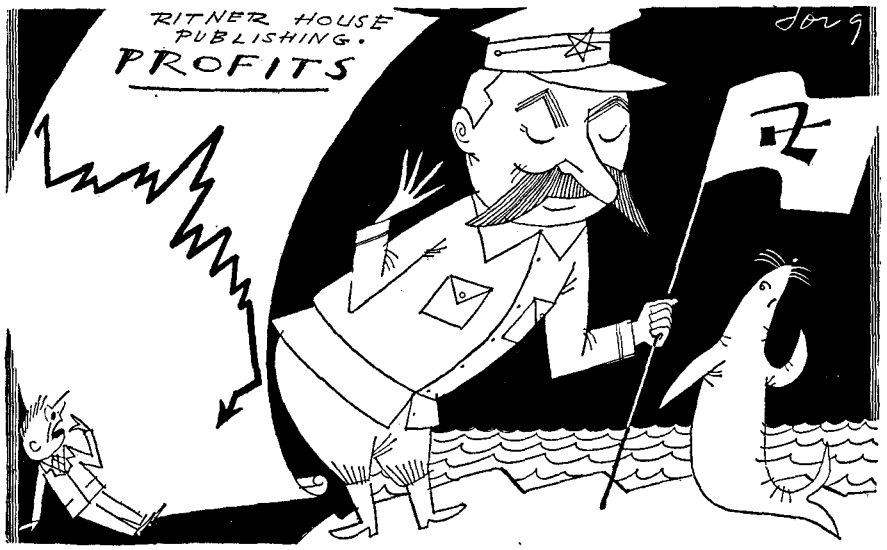
TRADE Winds

WELCOME, LIBRARIANS!

THE LIBRARIANS OF AMERICA have almost as big a stake in the success or failure of all the new original-books-in-paper-covers projects as publishers and booksellers, but being, on the whole, calmer and less apt to jump to conclusions, and removed from the more blatant chest-pounding of the promoters of the new ventures, have taken all the hullabaloo very much more in stride. "Libraries, working on limited budgets, are as anxious as anybody else to see the price of books reduced if possible," one librarian told me when I addressed a group in Cleveland recently, "but our library for one will not sacrifice quality for quantity. I read a piece by the editor of the leading company in the paper-back-originals field and then bought four of his current releases to see what all the shouting was about. I couldn't get past page fifty of any one of them. What hopeless mediocrity! How can the publishers of really good books worry for a moment over competition like that?" I explained that in troublous times like these, publishers of good books could worry for a moment over almost anything. Might be that one day they'd even bestir themselves and send out a couple of quotable publicity releases of their own!

ARE HARD-COVER BOOKS *really* priced too high? I've said this before, but apparently a reminder is needed from time to time: a good novel that sold for $2.50 ten years ago is only $3 now. Non-fiction is up approximately the same 20 per cent. Compare that with the prices of other so-called luxuries, which have trebled and quadrupled in the same period of time. Meanwhile, publishers' costs go up and up, and the profits of many have dwindled to the vanishing point. Authors who think they are being gypped by plutocratic publishers should be compelled to study the profit-and-loss statements and balance sheets of said plutocratic publishers before sounding off in the public prints. Take a look yourself at the earnings statements of those publishing houses who must release figures because their shares are traded on the Stock Exchange or over the counter. Compare their rates of return and current valuation with the records of comparable companies in other industries. Believe me, there's a lot more money in retelling old jokes these days than in publishing new books—and far fewer headaches as well!

THEY SAY THAT JOE STALIN called in the head of the Moscow Library one morning and boomed, "That was a fine book you sent 'round about the Pribilof Islands the other evening. Furthermore, it gave me an idea. Let's liberate the Pribilof Islands from the suffocating grasp of the money-mad Wall Street bankers!" The librarian was a little slow with his usual enthusiastic endorsement. "Had you only gotten as far as page sixteen," he ventured to say, "you would have discovered that there isn't a single human being on the Pribilof Islands—nothing but seals." That didn't stop Stalin. "Seals? People?" he roared. "After we get finished liberating them, who's going to be able to tell the difference?"



ROBERT FRANKLIN, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR of the Toledo Public Library, was reading an article by Harriet Van Horne in *Theatre Arts* about what girls on TV panels do and do not wear when one sentence caused him to howl with anguish. "She can have librarian hips or two wooden legs and it's all right . . . ," began Miss Van Horne. Mr. Franklin didn't wait to see how she finished. He himself is married to a librarian, reveals Mr. Franklin, and as far as he's concerned there's not one thing in the world wrong with librarians' hips. To prove his point, furthermore, he persuaded the pictorial editor of the *Toledo Blade* to take some candid camera shots of specimens of the breed on view at his library. Feature writer Seymour Rothman headed the expedition and came home to report that more than just the books were well stacked wherever he looked. Specimens studied, he continued, were the epitome of poise, courtesy, neatness, efficiency, and by-products. The photographers concentrated on the by-products. The results have displaced Marilyn Monroe calendars on the walls of many a Toledo hepster.

LOUISE THOMAS, director of promotion at Doubleday, told librarians that Governor Tom Dewey, on his recent trip to the Far East, offered to send Bao Dai, Emperor of Viet Nam, some bass to pep up the fishing in his sluggish streams. In return the Emperor suggested presenting the Governor with a full-grown elephant. "Alas," said Governor Dewey, "I had to turn down the offer. As a Republican, I was delighted at the idea of having an elephant. As a private citizen, responsible for a family budget, I was appalled." . . . If Governor Dewey ever has occasion to tell this story himself at a dinner, he can add the tag about the financially embarrassed circus owner who tried to sell an elephant to his town's richest and stingiest merchant for a hundred dollars. "Don't be a fool," chided the merchant. "What on earth would I do with an elephant on my hands?" "All right," said the circus man, "I'll give you *two* elephants for the same hundred bucks." "That's better," conceded the merchant. "It's a deal." . . . Asked how he wrote "Journey to the Far Pacific," Tom Dewey replied, "I did it on my little Dictaphone—and it was Lowell Thomas who chivvied me into it." Now that the BOMC has "divvied" him as well, the delighted Governor

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may decide that, after all, he'd rather be writer than President.

IT'S TOO BAD THE librarians didn't draft Tallulah Bankhead to address their convention on the subject of her forthcoming autobiography. She gave her all at the Harper sales conference a few weeks ago, and you couldn't have bought your way into the crowded chamber. Even Adam Burger was silenced. Only one salesman remained unimpressed. A recent graduate of Harvard, he announced, "Tallulah's gotten so high-hat she pronounces the second 'l' in 'Lincoln.'"

It was Groucho Marx, I believe, who called Miss Bankhead's technique "the timing of the shrew." She once barked at Bob Hope, "Get away from

this microphone until I call for you." "Don't lower your voice to me," snapped Hope. "I knew you when you were Louis Calhern." After listening to Tallulah struggle through a song on a "Big Show" broadcast, Jimmy Durante declared, "I think you ought to have your tonsils out." "I've already had them out," she replied. Durante suggested, "Then put 'em back in."

Miss Bankhead's Connecticut retreat is only a few miles from my own place, "The Columns," in Mount Kisco. One of her startled weekend guests came over one day to report that the moment he had awakened that morning a servant had brought him a generous hooker of straight gin. "Better drink it, darling," Tallulah had called from the next room. "I warn you there won't be another round served up before breakfast."

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 953)
LAURENCE IRVING:
HENRY IRVING

(From a speech by Henry Irving on "The Art of Acting," before the Sessional Opening, Philosophical Society, at Edinburgh, Nov. 9, 1891.)

Finally, in the consideration of the art of acting, it must never be forgotten that its ultimate aim is beauty. Truth itself is only an element of beauty and to merely reproduce things vile and squalid and mean is a debasement of art.

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The Saturday Review

JULY 5, 1952

The Third Man

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

E. A. Mowrer

"IN THE second century of the Christian era," writes Gibbon, "the Empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth and the most civilized part of mankind. The frontiers of that extensive monarchy were guarded by ancient renown and disciplined valor. The gentle but powerful influence of laws and manners had gradually cemented the union of the provinces. The peaceful inhabitants enjoyed and abused the advantages of wealth and luxury."

A couple of hundred years later, that empire had split into two and its original or western half was a wreck, a prey to anarchy and tyranny and the ultimate victim of various barbarian bands, each of which, at an earlier period, would easily have been overawed or destroyed by a few Roman legions.

What happened to Rome, history shows, is roughly what happens in all cases of great and flourishing civilizations.

Why this happens nobody quite knows. Historians speak of growth and decay. But in spite of Spengler, civilizations are not "organic" in the sense of a plant or an animal. Nonetheless, historians and philosophers regularly seek an explanation of the nemesis that has overtaken man's every civilizing adventure. Their explanations differ, yet the historical rhythm must be acknowledged.

It seems to me that whatever the ultimate explanation, each civilization is accompanied by a psychological change which symbolizes, if it does not account for, the rhythmic process. Barbarian societies are dominated by tough, warlike individuals whom I shall call Type One man. His characteristics are personal courage, a strong sense of tribalism (the earliest patriotism), and native aggressivity. He accepts physical combat, physical injury, and death as things in the established order of nature. He kills readily—sometimes for power and plunder, sometimes in self or group defense, sometimes for pleasure—but always without reluctance or remorse.

Out of the armed struggle of Type One groups among themselves (or of such groups against a more developed society), the barbarians emerge on top and proceed in turn to develop a civilization. (Toynbee identifies more than twenty such in the course of recorded history.)

With civilization comes stability and peace. Peace permits prosperity, prosperity a measure of ease. Ease furthers the arts of peace. The will to war declines. The late Roman legions who let the barbarians through were conceivably better armed than those who conquered Gaul. Yet the individual legionary was a different sort of man. Like the civilian, the civilized soldier is no longer so ready to risk his comfort and his life for a group purpose. Finally, there comes the day when citizen and soldier alike believe that war is worse than servitude. Then they either put up a sham defense or submit—or go over to the invader. Within that society, at some point Number One man has become Number Two man, *a fellow who, for a variety of reasons, noble or ignoble, will no longer fight.*

Type One man believes (or accepts) the maxim that *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* Type Two's mother "didn't raise her boy to be a soldier." As a result, while more and better fighters are needed, fewer and worse are available.

The society has become too civilized to survive. And no matter how lofty the motives of the peace-lovers, historically they represent decadence. Here is one more case of

> The old rule, the ancient law,
> Since ever the world began,
> That he shall take who has the power
> And he shall keep who can.

This process has occurred in all civilizations whether or not touched by the Golden Rule. Therefore we cannot assume that softer or spiritualizing ethics are basically responsible for historical decline. Yet if decline has not been hastened by the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, it is because most Christians have never taken non-resistance literally. Instead of turning the other cheek, they have fought fiercely. They have even fought in the name of their non-violent religion (the Crusades, the Thirty Years War, etc.). Princes, bishops, and parsons have led their armed cohorts out to conquest.

Moreover, it seems a safe assumption that Moslem moguls conquered Hindu India more easily because of the advantage of a religion that glori-

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Edgar Ansel Mowrer has been covering the foreign scene for American newspapers since World War I and won a Pulitzer Prize for his correspondence. His most recent book is "Challenge and Decision: A Program for America."

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fies bloodshed over one that advocates *ahimsa*. A tentative conclusion might well be that the decline of a nonviolent civilization is somewhat faster than that of one that preserves an aggressive credo.

UP TO this point, any resemblance between this description of a general pattern and contemporary society has been purely coincidental. Here we should, I think, ask whether the North Atlantic Community of 1952 is not increasingly dominated by Type Two citizens.

The West European stock from which most Americans come was warlike. Thanks to its aggressivity and technology, West Europe, with its overseas extensions, came by the end of the nineteenth century to rule or dominate most of the planet. Since that time, the rule of West Europe has steadily receded.

This recession may be due in part to the imprudent instruction of "backward peoples" in those industrial and military techniques which give a modern society its compulsive force. If the West desired to perpetuate its rule, what greed and folly lay in bringing industrialization to peoples incapable of inventing it for themselves! The fact remains that the West has gradually lost its interest in mastery. What is more, uncounted Westerners have come to reject the "white man's burden" as something as ethically indefensible as politically and economically costly. This is one of the reasons why the West has not systematically utilized its remaining superiority in weapons of mass destruction (poison gas, A-bombs, H-bombs) successfully to crush colonial rebellion. A hundred years ago it would have done so, I think, with hardly more qualms of conscience than Communists have today.

Something has happened to Western mentality.

Let us look at the record, beginning with the peoples of Western Europe.

Danes, Swedes, and Portuguese seem too "civilized" to fight and most Italians too "individualistic" to fight very well. Neither Belgians nor Netherlanders have recently shown much stomach for war.

The French, historically a warlike people, have completely lost their aggressivity. Those who, like the writer, had close personal contact with French armies in both World Wars could not but contrast the decline of fighting spirit between these two conflicts. In the first, the French really preferred to die on their feet than live on their knees. In the second, many of the descendants of Roland, Charles Martel, Turenne, Bonaparte, and Clemenceau asked, "Why die for Danzig?" Today their number has presumably increased.

The British spirit in World War II was, like the French in World War I, unconquerable but essentially defensive.

At present, their (untested) attitude resembles that of the French in World War II—a readiness to take the risk of foreign conquest rather than the risk of a new, more murderous conflict. Like Frenchmen (and Americans) they tend increasingly to put private ease and comfort above national security.

The Germans are still, in this respect, half primitive. Despite their great though spotty civilization, under Prussian influence they have managed to preserve a warlike spirit by the deliberate cultivation of militarism.

Where in Europe but in Germany could one have found an economist of international renown to profess (in 1933) the credo of the late Werner Sombart: "I see in the armed clash of mighty nations the highest manifestation of the Divine Will"?

Yet as a whole West Europe is pacifist. How otherwise can one judge a compact mass of over two hundred million West Europeans (including the untamed Spaniards and West Germans) who continue to quail before a smaller number of Russians rather than support the economic privations inherent in making themselves impregnable?

East Europe along with Germany still seems to produce Type One Men in abundance. Perhaps because of their relative penury, Russians, Turks, Poles, Greeks, and other Balkanites have preserved the martial virtues, the essence of which is the acceptance of possible war without undue apprehension.

WHAT about the American people?

Foreign visitors still find us unduly cocky. Though never enthusiastic soldiers, Americans have always been ready to fight. Our characteristic slogans have been: "Fifty-four-forty or fight!," "Millions for defense but not a cent for tribute," etc. Yet, as a people we have chosen to hide to ourselves our over-average belligerency (attested by the number of wars we have fought during the years of our national existence) behind the assumption that we are exceptionally peace-loving.

Yet today this is no longer necessary. *We are peace-loving.* No other powerful people has ever indulged in such organized futility as our Neutrality Acts of the Thirties. Few have

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Marcus Aurelius, Chevalier Bayard, Lincoln—"The Third Man exists."

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ever sought—as the late Senator Vandenberg told me he sought—to transform national *isolation* into *insulation*.

Yet this is such a touchy, controversial subject that I shall let other Americans build my case.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull told me back in 1940: "When I was a young man in Tennessee, young fellows were eager to defend their country. They aren't like that now!"

A letter exists from Peyton Mowrer, corporal in the Union Army, that bears out Mr. Hull. In it my grandfather explains to his wife why in 1864, after three full years of military service, he could not come home to a family impoverished by his absence "until the job is done."

In 1951 I heard the statement of a cargo sergeant on a plane over Korea: "What I want is to get right back home to Kansas—and stay there. I don't want to hear any more of war—not even on the radio. I don't want to listen to any more foreign news. I've been mixed up in this Korean mess with all them gooks and killings ever since it got started. So far as I am concerned, they can take Asia and give it to Stalin. It won't cost me any sleep. I'm through." (The fact that after giving Asia to Stalin he would not be through but just starting had not registered.)

Whittaker Chambers, in "Witness," quotes his suicide brother as saying: "We are hopeless. We are gentle people. We are too gentle to face the world!" And Whittaker adds: "My instinct told me that he was right." There are many Chambers families in today's America.

Bert Styles, American aviator killed in World War II, wrote: "We were going to knock off the Germans. I knew right then that I didn't know very much about killing. I didn't feel like the Polish Spitfire pilots we had met in Iceland coming over. They had it bad. They *wanted to kill every German in the world.* But it was different with me. I'd never been shot at or bombed. My folks live on York Street in Denver, which is a long way from this war." (Next time it may not be so far.)

Again, the military writer, Hanson Baldwin. In World War II, he insists, American soldiers and sailors "did not have, in the bulk, the stomach for fighting or the heart for fighting, possessed by our enemies or possessed, for that matter, by the Russians."

Baldwin does not mean that there are not still among us millions of born fighters or that Americans, when intensively trained and once aroused by attack, do not fight bravely and well. His point is, they do not fight as eagerly as some other peoples—or as their own ancestors. The air gunner from York Street, Denver, may kill a lot of Germans. It stands to reason that, other things being equal, he will not kill so many as the Pole who "wants to kill every German in the world." The major instrument of war is inflicting death on the adversary. Ilya Ehrenburg's wartime exhorations to "kill Fascists" met a far greater resonance among the peoples of the USSR than General Ridgway's injunction to the U.N. forces in Korea to "kill Chinese." The Russians *hated* the Germans. The U.N. fighters, by and large, do not hate the Chinese Reds.

I believe that, as things stand today, most Americans *dislike war* before, during, and after taking.

NOW not otherwise did the contemplation of war affect the fifth-century descendants of those proud Romans whose conquering tread had shaken the earth. The conclusion is unavoidable: if the tag of Type One man is his ready acceptance of armed struggle, then presumably the United States, along with most of the North Atlantic community, already consists predominantly of Type Two men.

Here I could rest my case.

Yet if we accept this as a fact, must we not go a step farther? Must we not anticipate that at some not too distant point, the West, including the United States, will either submit without resistance to outside pressures, or yield with relatively feeble resistance to the attacks of some aggressive and hate-filled society—like the USSR? Are not our present difficulties in persuading our European allies to shoulder the full burden of common defense, symptoms of the same disease that affects us—though in milder form?

How can we escape the conclusion that the West at some point will succumb to the fate that has attended all previous societies, once the civilizing process has sufficiently softened them up?

Here, as I indicated, is a problem as deadly, though less immediate, than that of destruction in a super-war. If we believe in technological civilization based on freedom, we must prepare to defend that civilization not only against powerful adversaries but against history itself. Where and how do we stand?

It should be plain that this is no ordinary task. To call it gigantic is an understatement. We have to try to save our civilization from the fate that has overtaken *all previous ones.* We must accept that job with no assurance that it is possible. We may prove unable to break the historical rhythm. Whatever measures one suggests are bound to be resisted if not bilked actively by those who cannot

(*Continued on page* 39)

The Return

By Oliver Hale

WHEN hope no longer shines in eyes.
and hearts are heavy with despair,
not any sunlight can diffuse
the gloom of the unleavened air.

The earth transfigured by the dawn,
the sleeper wakening will find,
continuous with patterns seen
on the dark canvas of the mind.

I woke to find all voices out,
and every eye denied its star;
no spirit loomed to touch my sight
which seemed to view the world from far.

I could not reach with all my hands,
desperate to feel, that daily sense
which is the commonplace that binds
men to each other's reticence.

But when you came to me and took
my hand in both of yours, and smiled;
o beauty streaming swiftly back,
o world completely reconciled!

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Libraries Find New Friends

ELEANOR GRAHAM VANCE

E. G. Vance

OVER a dusty country road in Copiah County, Miss., rolled a car that looked something like a florist's delivery truck. At one of the county's twelve grade schools the car came to a stop and was almost immediately surrounded by eager children, most of whom seemed to be trying to be first with the news: "The bookmobile's here!"

It was a regular run of the bookmobile, and the children could hardly wait for the books to be handed out. But this was a special occasion. Mrs. Evelyn Reed, field representative of the Mississippi Library Commission, had brought Mrs. Sadie Knight, newly appointed librarian of Lauderdale County, over to Copiah County to observe the bookmobile in action. With some puppets she had made, Mrs. Knight added to the children's pleasure by putting on her puppet show, telling the story of Hansel and Gretel. Before the show began, she asked, "Has anyone here ever seen a puppet?"

At once a little boy's hand waved in the air, and its owner announced proudly, "My dog had nine last week!"

A few years ago, this same little boy was unaware that books existed anywhere except in school. He had none at home, and he had never heard of a public library. And there are many like him all over the country, especially in rural areas.

Because they believe that books should be available to everybody in a democracy, civic-minded citizens in many communities have banded together in groups to form the Friends of the Library, an organization smiled on by the American Library Association but locally planned and manned in each community. At the latest count there were active Friends of the Library in all but twelve of the forty-eight states of the union (and in Hawaii and Canada). No outside pressure has created these groups, for there is at present no real national organization. It is a sort of grass-roots movement, springing from the needs of communities all over the country and the responses of citizens to those needs.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Librarians from every section of the country and every type of library are convening in New York City this week for the annual meeting of the American Library Association. Of the many problems they will discuss none is more pressing than that of extending the usefulness of the library to the community in a period of rising costs and growing population. One aspect of that problem as it affects the public library is discussed in the accompanying article; another aspect, as it affects the libraries of the independent university, is considered on page 11.*

In Copiah County, for example, the group is called the Citizens Library Movement, and it is responsible for many good things beside the bookmobile. Since the group was organized as recently as 1946, it is hard to believe that so much could have been accomplished in so short a time. Less than a dozen citizens of the two towns of Hazlehurst and Crystal Springs were required to start the movement, but soon nearly everybody in the county had heard about the plight of the library. The Friends were at work.

The trouble was the old familiar problem of finances. The library in Hazlehurst was limping along on $900 a year, with a faithful librarian (trained only by experience) earning the magnificent salary of $50 a month. And the library, which had been forced to move from pillar to post, needed a home of its own. More money might make a new building possible, and the Friends believed that since the library belonged to all the people, all the people should support it. In other words, it should be operated on a county-wide tax basis instead of by donations.

By 1947 the Friends had grown to 1587 in number and they were ready to send a committee to the county supervisors to ask for $6,000 for the library. From $900 to $6,000 is quite a jump, but they made it—almost. In 1948 they were granted one-half mill (or five cents on every $100 valuation) from taxes, and the amount came to $5,500. A trained librarian was hired, and the one who had stuck with the library in the bad years is still with the program as assistant librarian.

The Mississippi Library Commission sent a field representative to Hazlehurst to help in buying books and putting the expanded program into action. In the meantime, Mrs. James Williams and her building committee were hard at work, raising

Bookmobile in Pittsfield, Mass.—"something like a florist's delivery truck."

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money and studying plans. A gift of $12,500 from the George Covington family gave impetus to the drive, and in October 1950, the library moved into its new $30,000 building, just a block from the courthouse and post office. In a letter to Miss Elizabeth Wise, chairman of the Library Board, congratulating the people of Copiah County on their work, Mrs. Eunice Eley, director of the Mississippi Library Commission, referred to the new library as "the first public library building erected in the state in more than ten years and the only one built by public subscription."

Copiah County has 30,000 people, about half Negro and half white, and they make their living from lumber, cattle, and farming. If the library was to serve these people, there must be a bookmobile, and the Friends recognized the need from the beginning. In 1948 they borrowed a bookmobile from the Mississippi Library Commission with the understanding that they would get one of their own as soon as possible. Then they used a car, but with an increased county budget for 1952, they are about to buy a bookmobile.

AND the Friends are not through. Recently another committee went to the county supervisors, this time asking for one mill of taxes for library purposes. Their visit took only about five minutes, and the request was granted gladly. Hazlehurst and Crystal Springs both voted the tax support, with the result that the latest library budget for Copiah County is $15,000, including contributions.

Of the eighty-two counties in Mississippi, only eighteen (and their cities included) have libraries that can give efficient service; thirty-nine are making an effort but have inadequately supported libraries; and twenty-five have no library at all. Copiah County may serve as an inspiration to them and to others in the state who realize that they have a long way to go in their work of bringing books within the reach of all the people.

Mississippi is by no means alone in the needs of its libraries or in the attempts of citizens to answer those needs. In small communities and large, in all parts of the country, groups of Friends of the Library have been formed to deal with local problems. Their accomplishments are almost as many and varied as the hundreds of communities in which they exist. One striking feature distinguishes all of them: They came into being because of local needs. Few groups were reported before 1930, but since that time the movement has grown rapidly. One community hears how much another community has accomplished, and so it goes.

Usually it is the librarian, or a library trustee, who firsts brings the local needs to the attention of the people. Sometimes it is a woman's club, the P-TA, the local chapter of the American Association of University Women, or the Junior Chamber of Commerce that recognizes the necessity of a group especially devoted to making the library a more vital part of the community. In Logansport, Ind., when fire completely destroyed the Public Library in March 1941, it was the fire itself that awakened the people of the city to the part the library played in their lives, and led to the creation of the Friends of the Library of Logansport and Cass County.

Although the American Library Association recognizes the contribution of Friends and has included a Friends of the Library luncheon at each annual conference since 1929, it has never attempted to "run" the local groups. The lack of national organization has been looked upon both as an advantage and a disadvantage. Those who favor the status quo point out that every cent of dues paid to any Friends group is spent in the home community. They realize that people are more willing and eager to work for something when they can see all the results with their own eyes. Others declare that a democratic organization such as Friends could make itself felt more effectively, not only in the American Library Association but in the country as a whole, if all local groups were chapters of a national organization, working together for the common good.

No matter how the issue is decided, it is certain that the local groups, springing to life because their communities have no library service or because their libraries have inadequate budgets, have done much to make American citizens aware of the library's part in democratic life.

The record is impressive. Besides securing tax support for libraries and raising money for buildings and bookmobiles and books, the Friends have provided other services that cannot be included in local library budgets—such as films and recordings. They have extended library service to shut-ins and the handicapped. In Westport, Conn., those who cannot get to the library may avail themselves of the service of Friends, whereby books are delivered and picked up at regular intervals. In Albany, Ore., the Friends take books to two hospitals weekly. In Winston-Salem, N. C., the Friends of the Horton Branch of the Carnegie Public Library not only deliver books to shut-ins, but also carry out a plan for acquiring books in Braille. In Washington, Pa., the Friends have provided projectors which show on the ceiling above a bed, books that an invalid might otherwise be unable to read.

Friends everywhere have been active in promoting gifts of money, books, manuscripts, and collections to libraries, and in many places they have helped to preserve something unique. In Fort Collins, Col., for instance, the only complete file of the local newspapers (dating back to 1874) is in the Library. Used frequently by writers, social workers, government employees, newspaper reporters, and students, the collection was badly in need of repair, rebinding, and proper shelving. Through efforts of the Friends, the volumes were repaired and bound with uniform binding, imprinted with memorial labels. In addition to preserving the papers, the Library gained new friends and the good will of the community. In Pittsfield, Mass., the Friends of the Berkshire Athenaeum are collecting material to establish a Herman Melville Room at the library because of Melville's association with that part of the country. Friends of the Malverne Public Library, Malverne, L. I., have exhibited old theatre bills from the valuable humor and theatre collection belonging to John C. Olsen of the team of Olsen and Johnson. (Mr. Olsen is a resident of Malverne.) Friends of the Detroit Public Library have sponsored exhibits of early maps of Detroit and Wayne County, and have done much to add to the Library's collection of automotive history, which consists of original documents, manuscripts, letters, photographs, newspapers, and journals, as well as books. Members of Friends have been able to collect and bring to the library many things of local interest that would otherwise be lost to the general public simply because librarians cannot be in as many places at once as the thousands of Friends can.

THE public library is one of the most democratic institutions one can imagine. There, in that waiting storehouse of ideas, the rich and poor have equal opportunity to get—or to continue—an education. That is, they have that opportunity if they live near a well-equipped library. How about yours? How can you be a friend to your library?

The first step might be a talk with your local librarian to find out what the needs of your library are. And if

(*Continued on page* 33)

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How Much Is a Library Worth?

CARL M. WHITE

Carl M. White

"A COOL million a year for the libraries of a single university! Are they worth it?" The man who asked me that recently is a successful business man who is also a devoted friend of books and libraries. I knew from his tone that he himself believed university libraries are worth what they cost, but he was hinting that men and women who have been less closely associated with them would probably have to think it over before being so sure about it.

The hint was justified. University libraries *are* becoming a public issue. They are becoming a public issue because since World War II they have had to expand their services at the very time the value of the dollar has been shrinking. The cost of operating some libraries, in spite of the brilliant feats of economy, has doubled. Libraries of tax-supported universities have simply passed along the larger bill to the taxpayers, and any form of public service which reaches into the taxpayer's pocket for millions of dollars a year causes him sooner or later to sit up and take notice. The plight of the libraries of independent universities have been made a public issue because their well-organized friends are aggressively making them so. If the George Washington Bridge were to contract a few yards on either side of the Hudson River each year, the resulting gap would suggest the plight of these libraries. Their friends are calling attention to the fact that the contraction has not stopped yet and that the gap is already too wide to be safely bridged by economies alone.

Does the university library contribute enough to our civilization to warrant the public's closing the gap by voluntary contributions? Under our system, that question will have to be answered by the public itself, not by librarians. It is peculiarly fitting that the future of the independent library be settled in this way, for this type of library is one of those happy embodiments of free enterprise which owe their vitality, their very survival even, to the pride and spontaneous support of the community, and to it alone.

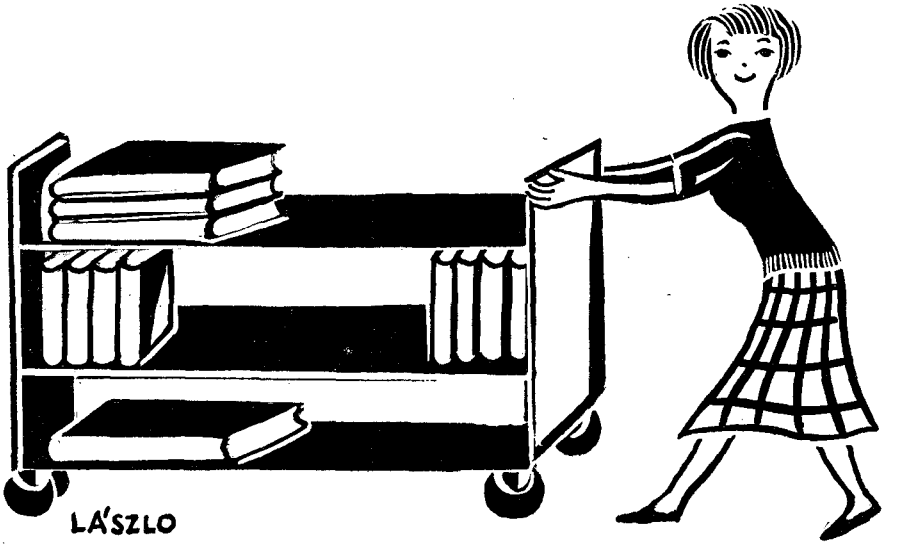
The issue is in good hands. I shall leave it there. But a librarian has an uncommon opportunity to observe the uses to which the modern university puts its libraries, and by setting down some of these observations, I shall have the pleasure of supporting the arms of those more active friends of letters and learning who are spreading the gospel that university libraries are worth what it costs to make them survive and flourish.

The role of its libraries in the daily activity of a university is little understood. Many a scholar sees them in the half-light of his personal needs only, while the typical man in the street sees them not at all. Not too long ago most courses were taught exclusively from textbooks and there was little use for a library of any size. Nowadays instruction which confines the student's attention to a single textbook is confined mostly to elementary courses in a subject and, on that account, it flourishes more in grade schools and high schools than in colleges and universities.

On the day this paragraph is being written newspapers report that a thirty-five-member team has come to this country under the sponsorship of the Economic Cooperation Administration and the National Management Council to study "American industrial knowhow" in order to promote greater productivity in Europe. The task of training the team has been entrusted to two of our universities. This incident exemplifies the role the university has come to play in the Western world in modern times. The idea that a university exists primarily for advancement of learning first appeared in the eighteenth century. The century following, the German nations proved the fruitfulness of this ideal so convincingly that today the stronger nations, without exception, depend on their universities as on no other agency for handling basic research and for training research workers.

THE public understands its dependence on the university in this regard better than it understands how much the university in turn depends on its libraries to swing this big job. The faulty understanding is easy to explain. It arises mainly from the fact that the popular mind associates research with the laboratory more than the library, and this in turn arises from the habit of using the laboratory sciences as picture models for all kinds of research. The habit is misleading. It is especially unfair to research in the humanities, in law, and in other social sciences. Yet oddly enough, in these very fields scholars have been known to fight a kind of rear-guard action for adequate library facilities on the unnatural ground that the library is their "laboratory." The tacit implication is that a stronger case can somehow be made with such round-about reasoning.

The truth is that for universities in their entirety, the library is more important for research than the laboratory. This statement may not hold for



Carl M. White is director of the Columbia University Libraries and dean of the Columbia Library School.

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particular universities where research is weak in the humanities and social sciences; but in all fields of learning, including the laboratory sciences, suitable library facilities are indispensable for research, while in some fields no other facilities are required.

If a toehold exists for contesting that claim, it is in the role of the library in scientific research. Let's take a closer look to see whether the case is overstated at that point.

BACK in the nineteenth century, the German chemist, Emil Fischer, inaugurated a program of research on sugars. At that time only a few were known. It was customary to group them as carbohydrates because each was composed of carbon united with hydrogen and oxygen, the latter in the proportions found in water. They did not, however, contain water as such. About the only clue to the structure of these compounds then recorded in the literature of the subject was a group of observations of an Italian chemist, Kiliani. Subsequently an investigator at Leipzig named Curtius, working in another and unrelated field, made hydrozoic acid. In the course of his experiments he recorded a more or less incidental observation which when Fischer read about it served him as a second clue. From this he developed a hypothetical explanation and tested it in his laboratory. Thus, he succeeded in separating sugars from one another, opening a new chapter in the absorbing story of chemistry.

This incident illustrates how the advancement of scientific knowledge involves keeping abreast of scientific literature, developing hypothetical explanations, testing hypotheses, and diffusing knowledge of the findings. The library and the laboratory both figure in this process, not one of them by itself. The laboratory is where the validity of scientific thought is tested, where clues are picked up; but that is all.

The library, on the other hand, assembles scientific achievements of all times and from all lands in such a form as to enable the scientist to bring them to bear on the problem he is trying to think his way through. In the case of the investigation of sugars described above, it was the recorded findings of two investigators working on different subjects in different countries at different times and speaking different tongues which showed a third investigator how to phrase a question to which either of the other laboratories would have spoken the answer quite as gladly as himself.

As a matter of fact, research scientists would save themselves a lot of wasted effort and disappointments if they would make greater use of libraries. In a recent article in a scientific publication, a leading patent lawyer pointed out that frequently when a scientist and his lawyer applied for a patent based on a research program extending over months and even years, they discovered to their embarrassment that what the scientist had supposed was an original discovery was a duplication of work already done by someone else.

A few hours, or at most a few days, of reading in the library material already available to the public would have spared the scientist this disappointment. Too often, the patent lawyer remarked, "the romance of discovering secrets of nature in the laboratory is preferred to the drudgery of reading and digesting dusty pamphlets and other scientific publications." He estimated that about 30 per cent of patent applications, or 15,000 a year, are abandoned, the predominant reason for this being failure to canvass the relevant literature before the work was done. "Without question," he concluded, "the annual bill to industry for abandoned applications amounts to several million dollars."

One of my friends likes to taunt me with the accusation that "libraries lack sex appeal." It is true that when libraries are loved, it is for something besides the captivating charms peculiar to a well set-up scientific laboratory or the throbbing excitement of a crowded football stadium on a beautiful Indian-summer afternoon. A Corinthian column, for example, lacks glamour of that kind, too; its more classic beauty is, let us say, less inflammatory.

When a university library takes hold of our affections, it is usually for one of three reasons. Books themselves are the reason most often mentioned. Robert E. Park, that extraordinary newspaperman turned sociologist, was fond of testing the minds of new acquaintances with the question: "What books have thrilled you enough to make you cry?" A surprising number of people, including college graduates, told him they had never read any book which had thrilled them, much less moved them to tears. It is the others, the ones who, somewhere along the line, have been profoundly moved by books who instantly respond to the classic attractions of libraries.

A second reason shines through what has been said in the foregoing pages. The university library, like other libraries, has glories of its own, but it is in the happy position of the well-mated bride who is quickly acknowledged by friends of the groom to be an asset to her spouse. In an address entitled "The Soul of a People," the British statesman Viscount Haldane once said: "It is in the universities with their power over the mind, greater in the end than the power of the government or of any church, that we see how the soul of a people at its highest mirrors itself . . . The development of the true spirit of the university among a people is a good measure of the development of its soul and consequently its civilization." There is nothing which matters much more than what universities are trying to do in the realm of the mind. What perceptive man or woman could fail to be stirred with pride and satisfaction in serving a cause so worthy? For its part, the university library finds through its marriage to the university a proud opportunity for the fulfilment of its highest aspirations.

THE third reason is even more universal. The epic of the educational library is basically a story of Promethean fire and the soul of American youth. It is the story of how modern college and university libraries date the beginning of the golden age of their development from the simple discovery that those who hunger and thirst to make something of themselves can best do so, not by being spoon-fed or lectured down to, but by being pushed to develop their own powers, by being given the spiritual tools and guidance necessary to get on with the job on their own. It is a story of formal courses and informal, of leisurely living with books. It is a story of the sons and daughters of the great and the humble, of the fresh blossoming of generations of breeding and of that first fresh discovery of the world of learning by fine-edged minds which get their chance nowhere but in a democracy. This epic illuminates the third reason why university libraries grasp hold of our heartstrings: they serve our own flesh and blood.

How much is a university library worth?

It depends on how much instruction and research in universities are worth, for library costs are one of the inevitable costs of a worthy educational program. In a larger sense, it depends on how much books are worth, on how much civilization of the kind that mirrors itself in universities is worth, on how much the personal growth of those of our own flesh and blood is worth. If a gap has developed between the obligations of university libraries and their income, it is due to the fact that too few people have given it thought. That leaves us with a problem. But it can be solved, and a first step is to define it.

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Science. As we observed in this rectagonal last week, the yen to get away from civilization's woes, so widely felt in the age of the atom bomb, has led to the writing of an unusually large number of books about escape to faraway places. Some of the places men have come to regard with longing are not terrestrial. Flights to other planets, to which juvenile writers once held an exclusive franchise, are now being exploited by a prolific school of fictioneers, most of them men with sound scientific training. For space travel is no longer a boy's daydream but a scientific possibility. This fascinating subject is lucidly and authoritatively discussed in "The Exploration of Space," by Arthur C. Clarke (below). Along with talk of interplanetary voyaging has come renewed interest in the stars and the heavens. Harold C. Urey's speculation on "The Planets: Their Origin and Development" [*SR* April 12] is joined by Gamow's "Creation of the Universe" (page 15) and H. A. Rey's "The Stars: A New Way to See Them" (page 18).

The Magic of a Terra Incognita

THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE. By Arthur C. Clarke. New York: Harper & Bros. 199 *pp.* $3.50.

By Fred L. Whipple

SOMETIME in the future, perhaps very soon, mankind will begin a new period of exploration symbolized by a huge rocket standing on the desert and decorated with the slogan "The Moon or Bust." When the first passenger-carrying rocket circles the entire earth above the atmosphere and returns safely, space travel will have begun—man's greatest triumph over Nature.

Today our younger generation has been fully prepared for this revolutionary progress through prolonged and intensive study of comic books and science-fiction magazines. Their elders, however, who will presumably provide the funds for space travel in the near future, have eschewed this literary diet and are not so well prepared. Some have read the few authentic and well-written books already available on the subject, but most mature world citizens do not really believe that space travel is more than a science-fiction dream. A new book that should aid in this public enlightenment has now been published.

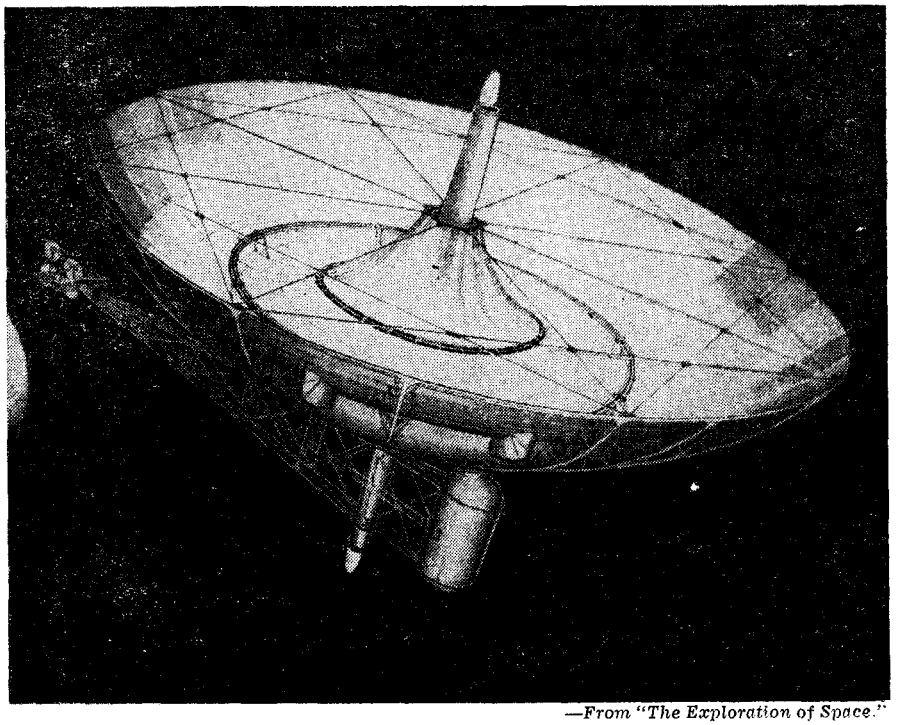
In "The Exploration of Space," Arthur C. Clarke, chairman of the British Interplanetary Society, presents the basic facts, probabilities, and possibilities concerning space travel. Since the book is written for the non-scientific layman, the technical aspects, which constitute most of the problem, are presented in such a fashion as to be easy reading for anyone who reads *The Saturday Review.*

Mr. Clarke is well qualified for his task. He has a good basic scientific training, has been engaged actively in scientific matters for the British government, and has devoted a great deal of time and thought to the general problems of space travel. In this area of science fiction, which Mr. Clarke believes will soon be promoted to the status of scientific fact, he states his intentions as follows:

"I have tried to base all my speculations firmly upon facts, or at least upon probabilities, and have avoided sensationalism for its own sake. . . . Space-travel is a sufficiently sensational subject to require no additional embellishments."

In view of Mr. Clarke's boundless enthusiasm for his subject, he succeeds extremely well in holding to this difficult resolution, at least for almost all of the first fifteen chapters. It is not surprising that finally in the last three chapters his imagination sometimes overwhelms his good resolve, causing him to stray from the narrow path of scientific probability. Although he does so on only a few occasions, an even more rigid self-discipline would have enabled Mr. Clarke to strengthen the book with regard to the prime objective of convincing the reader that space travel is no longer a dream but an imminent reality.

The resultant book, nevertheless, is an extremely uniform presentation of the basic scientific principles for the uninitiated, is very accurate scientifically, and is extremely thorough in covering the subject from all immediately-foreseeable aspects. The scientific exposition is interesting and indeed of top quality. I believe that any reader who may be unfamiliar with the principles of the rocket, problems of space, and the basic astronomy of the solar system, can, by careful reading of this book, gain a satisfactory understanding of the situation. Those who desire to speculate upon the immediate possibilities of space travel should indeed be fasci-



—*From "The Exploration of Space."*

The Space-Station—"a sufficiently sensational subject."

Fred L. Whipple, chairman of Harvard's astronomy department, is the discoverer of six new comets, the author of "Earth, Moon, and Planets."

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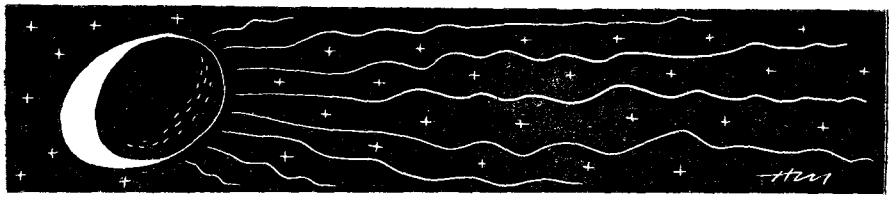
nated by "The Exploration of Space." Those who have become satiated with science fiction and their own speculations on the general subject may also appreciate a sober account, even though it is unenlivened by "space opera."

On the critical side it is clear that the author's boundless enthusiasm for space travel provides not only the strength of the book but also its greatest weaknesses. Whenever scientific facts or deductions are not absolutely definitive or when there are a few dissenters from the majority opinion, Mr. Clarke holds on to the most unlikely possibilities with the fixed grip of a bulldog. For example, he still hopes for an appreciable lunar atmosphere, for the presence of ice within lunar caves, and even for the possibility of low forms of organic life upon our satellite. In actuality, there is no scientific evidence for *any* atmosphere on the moon, while the chances for ice within the lunar caves is about as hopeless as a negative scientific prediction can be. Unless the lunar surface temperatures are far below *both* observational and theoretical evidence, the low pressure of any faint residuum of atmosphere will still permit the relatively rapid sublimation (vaporization from the solid state) of ice from any lunar surface that is not closed completely from space.

In all cases where the scientific evidence does not lead to a positive conclusion but only to moderate probabilities, Mr. Clarke invariably chooses the most optimistic point of view in terms of successful space travel. Such an attitude is not to be criticized too severely; when the facts are finally known he will undoubtedly be justified in a number of cases. As an example of Mr. Clarke's boundless optimism, let us consider his point of view with regard to travel between the stars, a section of his book that will probably undermine the accumulated confidence in the minds of skeptical readers. Personally I have long believed that interstellar travel is probably impossible, not only because of the energy requirements and long travel times involved but because of the fact that we have no evidence of visitations from space. It seems almost certain that no highly intelligent life could have developed on other planets *in our solar system,* but it would be surprising indeed if no high cultures had developed on planets about other stars.

If interstellar travel were possible we should have had visitors. Mr. Clarke disposes of this problem easily: "Countless times in geological history strange ships may have drifted down through the skies of Earth, and



left again with records of steaming seas, the first clumsy amphibians creeping upon the beaches and, much later still, the giant reptiles. A few of those ships may have come from other planets of the Sun, but most must have been strangers to our Solar System, traveling from star to star in their search for knowledge. And some day, they may return."

I will not begrudge Mr. Clarke his own opinion, so beautifully expressed, but frankly speaking I doubt the suggestion.

Since the reader who meets the subject for the first time will probably be suspicious of many very *probable* circumstances in space travel, I must hasten to reiterate that all but a few parts of the last three chapters are as technically precise as one could want.

The illustrations are attractive, although not very numerous, and are usefully descriptive. After Chesley Bonestell's magnificent paintings and drawings in "The Conquest of Space" (with Willy Ley), for example, almost *any* illustrations would appear relatively drab. We can scarcely hope that such standards will be met in other similar books.

Nevertheless, the numerous and truly marvelous possibilities in space travel, which are so beautifully presented in "The Exploration of Space," should be fresh and exciting reading to anyone whose imagination is not entirely constrained by the affairs of everyday life.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

AN EXERCISE IN FLUVIOLOGY

Cleo Hatley Mills, of Portland, Indiana, submits fifteen quotations from which the names of rivers have been omitted. Allowing four points for naming the river and three points for the source of the quotation, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 17.

1. Then I saw the ..... creeping through the black,
   Cutting through the jungle with a golden track.
2. Thy crystal stream, ..., how lovely it glides
   And winds by the cot where my Mary resides.
3. The river ....., deep and wide,
   Washes its wall on the southern side.
4. Jesse James was a two-gun man,
   (ROLL ON, ...!)
5. Sweet .....! run softly, till I end my song.
6. Sweet swan of ....., what a sight it were
   To see thee in our waters yet appear.
7. Where ..... the sacred river, ran
   Through caverns measureless to man.
8. Some innocents escape not the thunderbolt.
   Melt Egypt into .....! And kindly creatures
   Turn all to serpents!
9. He swam the ..... river where ford there was none.
10. And by ..... River gathering many a shell.
11. Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
    One minute past, and .....-wards had sunk.
12. And dark as winter was the flow
    Of ....., rolling rapidly.
13. But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
    Across the sands of .....
14. All quiet along the ..... tonight,
    Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming.
15. And the first gray of morning filled the east,
    And the fog rose out of the ..... stream.

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The Sun: Our Leaping Lena?

CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE. By George Gamow. New York: Viking Press. 147 *pp.* $3.75.

By Robert H. Baker

DR. Gamow is once again venturing effectively into the jungle of speculation that lies beyond the trodden ground of science. I use the word "speculation" in the sense of careful thought and reasoning on matters which may not be definitely proved or known. Dr. Gamow has the knack of finding partial clearings in the jungle into which the sunlight of reality might seem to be filtering. He is deft in arraying the factual substance of physical science in support of his findings.

This is the third volume in Dr. Gamow's trilogy on cosmology. In it he is concerned with the physical universe as a whole. He discusses such basic questions as whether or not the universe has an end in space and whether or not it has a beginning in time. His discussion accepts as a premise the theory of the expanding universe.

One purpose of this book appears to be to allay any intuitional uneasiness about the short cosmic time-scale that has been associated with the theory. The idea of the expanding universe has often been taken to mean that the galaxies may not spread beyond the radius of three billion light years—only three times the distance to which the great telescope on Palomar Mountain can reach. The theory has also seemed to inaugurate the universe some three billion years ago, its material then condensed in a very small space. Dr. Edwin Hubble, discoverer of the linear relation between the distances of galaxies and the amounts of the red shifts in their spectra, voiced that uneasiness in his Oxford lectures of 1936, when he remarked that the interpretation of the red shifts as Doppler effects seemed to imply a strange and dubious universe, very small and very young—a conclusion he may have since modified.

There is no cause for unhappiness at all on this account, according to Dr. Gamow. The galaxies are speeding faster than the escape velocity; they may continue to retreat indefinitely in space and time. Nor does the theory require the recent birth of the universe. Although the development of the *current* universe began three billion years ago, that does not mean that existence began that recently. Long before then, he tells us, the universe had been collapsing, growing enormously hot and losing its identity. Whatever its previous organization may have been, it was destroyed in the collapse. At length came the "Big Squeeze," the maximum permissible density of the condensing material. Then followed a rebound and the beginning of the expanding universe.

The fourth chapter of the book takes up the story from there. After the first hour of the expansion, in which the atoms of the chemical elements were formed, nothing of particular interest happened for the next thirty million years. High-frequency radiations were dominant during the interval. Afterwards, matter asserted itself. The gas of the atoms had been cooled enough by the expansion, so that some of it condensed into fine dust. Then the originally uniform dust and gas broke into giant clouds; and in the breaking the clouds acquired rotations of various degrees of swiftness. The different rotations produced regular forms of various degrees of ellipticity, forms which have since retained their "fossil" states while the "proto-galaxies" of dust and gas have been evolving into galaxies of stars. Here Dr. Gamow dismisses the sequence of regular systems as arraying successive stages of evolution.

The chief feature of the development after the formation of the proto-galaxies, aside from the continued recession, is the assembling of the gas and dust into stars and the evolution of a planetary system around at least one of the stars. Reserving the story of "The Private Lives of the Stars" for the fifth chapter, the author concludes the fourth with a brief and clear account of the problem of solar-system evolution. He traces the thinking on these matters from the simpler ideas of Kant and Laplace to the more complex recent ones, such as the hypotheses of Von Weizsäcker and Kuiper. The effects of turbulence enter importantly into the recent hypotheses which in some other respects revert to the earlier ones.

Dr. Gamow's book is stimulating. It is clearly written and undertakes faithfully to say what is factual and what is speculative. It commends itself especially to the scientist and the general reader who has some preparation in physics. It can also be read with profit by one who has little background in physics; he may not be quite sure of all the details, but can certainly follow the lucid continuity of the account. Critical readers will perhaps not agree with all the conclusions. The building of the universe is not a light undertaking.

—*Mt. Wilson Observatory.*

Sagittarius, Trifid Nebula—"not a light undertaking."

Robert H. Baker, professor of astronomy at the University of Illinois, is the author of "The Universe Unfolding" and other books.

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Links of Passion

UNDERSTANDING HEREDITY: An Introduction to Genetics. By Richard B. Goldschmidt. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 228 pp. $3.75.

By Ashley Montagu

PROFESSOR Richard Goldschmidt of the University of California is one of the world's most distinguished geneticists. As those who read his book "Ascaris: The Biologist's Story of Life" (1937) will remember, he is also one of the most brilliant expositors of science for the layman of our time. Ever since reading "Ascaris" I had often wished that Professor Goldschmidt would write a popular account of the science of heredity, a wish that must have been shared by many of Professor Goldschmidt's admirers. Their wish is now more than amply satisfied. The present volume is in a class by itself. In a field in which there are several excellent introductory volumes on heredity catering to the needs of different classes of readers, Professor Goldschmidt presents the materials, facts, and theories, in a manner calculated to interest all.

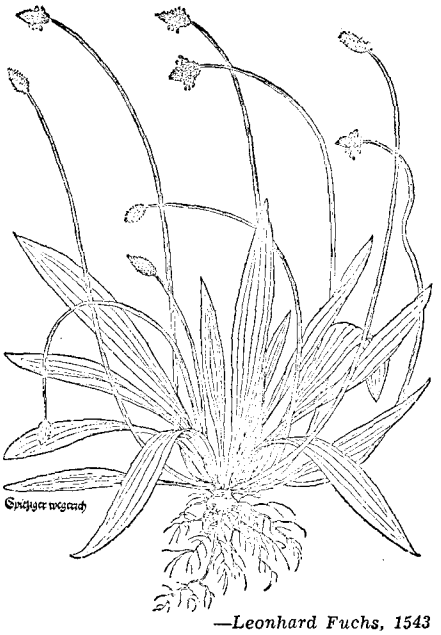
The crystal-clear manner in which Professor Goldschmidt writes, the great ability which he exhibits in the organization and presentation of the facts of heredity, and his happy avoidance of oversimplification all contribute to make his volume one of the best in the field, and as an elementary introduction to a rather complex subject, an outstanding achievement in scientific popularization. Any reader who applies himself with attention to this book cannot fail to acquire the fundamental knowledge necessary for an understanding of heredity. But the reader must apply himself. If Professor Goldschmidt writes clearly and interestingly that is a blessing for which the reader should be sufficiently grateful. He should not, however, take it for granted that Professor Goldschmidt's clarity absolves him from the necessity of expending the necessary energy to follow the scientific demonstrations and acquire the necessary knowledge. This is a book which not only demands but encourages work—not much, but some.

The diagrams and illustrations Professor Goldschmidt provides are beautifully clear and helpful. At the back of his book are sets of problems for each chapter. These are most stimulating, and I have had an amusing time attempting to answer some of them. But alas, I have no means of checking whether my answers were correct other than writing to Professor Goldschmidt, for a set of answers are not provided. Perhaps this omission will be rectified in a future edition. In a section on "Books for Further Study" the best available books on genetics are set out in increasing order of technicality.

Having said so much that is good about this good book, I may perhaps be allowed to enter a caveat against Professor Goldschmidt's revival of a term which, I had thought, has long been outmoded. It is the term "atavism." As Professor Goldschmidt points out, this was a term much used in Darwin's day. By 1940 it had become almost extinct in the scientific literature. The sense in which it was most generally used implied the reappearance of an ancestral character in a group in which that character had disappeared. Now, the essence of an "atavistic character" was that it appeared spontaneously, and this is the sense in which the term was commonly used. The synonym was and is "throwback." This is not the sense in which Professor Goldschmidt uses the term, and I believe it would avoid confusion if the term were not reintroduced into the vocabulary, especially under august chaperonage.

This masterly book makes ignorance of the fundamental facts of heredity hereafter voluntary. Heredity endowed you with the potentialities which may lead you to read this book. It is hoped that this review will provide the environmental stimulus which will cause you to do so.

Ashley Montagu is chairman of the anthropology department at Rutgers University. His books include "Introduction to Physical Anthropology" and the recently published "On Being Intelligent."



—Leonhard Fuchs, 1543

Rib grass—"man carries whole floras."

Our Quiet Brothers

PLANTS, MAN AND LIFE. By Edgar Anderson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 245 pp. $4.

By Jack Annandale

PROFESSOR Edgar Anderson, assistant director of the Missouri Botanical Garden and Professor of Botany at Washington University, St. Louis, has written this book, he tells us, to explain to the general reader what we do not know about the relationship of man and plants. For such a statement of ignorance, as Professor Anderson claims his book to represent, this is an extraordinarily informative, enlightening, and amusing book. It is, also, an exciting book. Anderson is a sort of plant anthropologist; he is interested in the wanderings of plants, but particularly those which may have been consciously or unconsciously initiated by man. The methods he describes are very like those used by the anthropologist interested in tracing the wanderings of peoples, their mixture, and "raciation." Actually anthropologists are extremely interested in the kind of work which Anderson describes so well in this book, and some of them have even become "ethnobotanists"; but not enough of them, according to Anderson. On the whole, I rather think that Anderson underestimates the interest of anthropologists in ethnobotany.

A yellow primrose by the river's brim is a yellow primrose to most people, but not to Anderson; he wants to know how it got there. He makes the point, and illustrates it at length, that man, often without being aware of it and often deliberately, "carries whole floras about the globe with him, that he now lives surrounded by their transported landscapes, that our commonest everyday plants have been transformed by their long associations with us so that many roadside and dooryard plants are artifacts." Artifacts in the sense that they would not have come into being had it not been for the interference of man. That is what many of our weeds and crops really are. Indeed, as Anderson most interestingly shows, the history of weeds is the history of man—which suggests the thought that perhaps man is himself a kind of weed.

Anderson's book is a fine object lesson in the scientific uses of the imagination. Here, Anderson shows us, is a whole *terra incognita*. Let us see what requires to be done, and how it should be done. Latin names are all very well, they look scientific, but often they are nothing more than a cloak for ignorance, "treated with the

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respect our technical civilization reserves for matters which it does not understand." Our knowledge of the origins of weeds and crops is really minimal, in spite of the orderly looking Latin names. In a fascinating chapter, entitled "The Clue from the Root Tips," Anderson shows us how by counting chromosomes order may begin to be made out of the present chaos in ethnobotany, and this is where the yellow primrose (*Primula kewensis*) comes in as a handy example. By the time Anderson is finished with this charming hybrid the reader will have in his grasp the clue to the solution of some of the problems of economic and uneconomic botany, not to mention ethnobotany.

To give you some idea of the fascination of this subject consider the peanut (*Arachis hypogaea*). The peanut in its most primitive form has little shoestrings attached to it. Such peanuts are found in pre-Columbian Peruvian tombs; they are not today grown in Peru, but they *are* grown in South China. How did they get there? Its a nice problem, and nobody knows the answer. Well, there's a fruitful statement of ignorance. Anderson supplies us with a whole orchard full of such statements, particularly in his valuable chapter in which he gives us a roster of our most important crop plants and their probable origins.

Throughout there are scattered priceless gems of knowledge and a goodly number of pithy apothegms, all of which combines to make this quite a book, such a book as one will not have the good fortune to encounter again for a long time. This is the sort of volume which will bear reading several times, each time with increasing profit. The line drawings illustrating the text are beautifully clear, and there is a brief annotated list of suggested readings.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

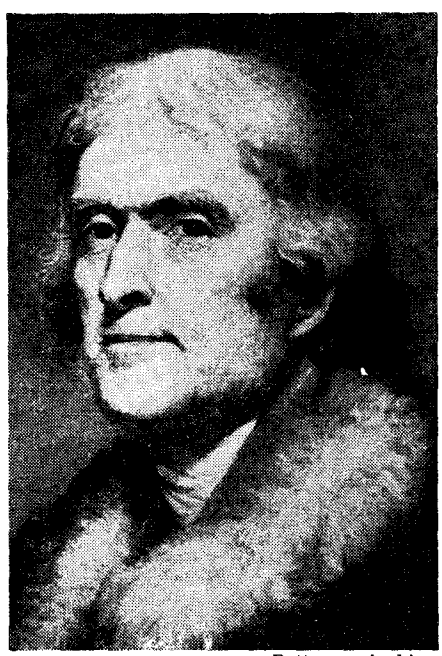
1. "The Congo," by Vachel Lindsay. 2. Afton, from "Afton Water," by Burns. 3. Weser, from "The Pied Piper," by Browning. 4. Missouri, from "Jessie James," by William Rose Benet. 5. Thames, from Prothalamion," by Spenser. 6. Avon, from "Mr. William Shakespeare," by Jonson. 7. Alph, from "Kubla Khan," by Coleridge. 8. Nile, from "Antony and Cleopatra," by Shakespeare. 9. Eske, from "Lochinvar," by Scott. 10. Spoon, from "Lucinda Matlock," by Edgar Lee Masters. 11. Lethe, from "Ode to a Nightingale," by Keats. 12. Iser, from "Hohenlinden," by Thomas Campbell. 13. Dee, from "The Sands of Dee," by Charles Kingsley. 14. Potomac, from "All Quiet Along the Potomac," by Ethel Lynn Beers. 15. Oxus, from "Sohrab and Rustum," by Arnold.

Presidential Polyhistor

THOMAS JEFFERSON: SCIENTIST. By Edwin T. Martin. New York: Henry Schuman. 289 pp. $4.

By I. Bernard Cohen

THE title on this book is at once engaging and misleading. It attracts our attention because we have always been told that Jefferson did "something or other" in science, but it is not an appropriate title since the book demonstrates that Jefferson was not a scientist. Mr. Martin has painstakingly examined all the published Jefferson material and the very large number of secondary studies dealing with particular scientific interests of Jefferson. The result is an impressive portrait of a man of the "Enlightenment," who had "sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man," and who saw in natural science the major force that would liberate the mind from the age-old tyran-



—Bettmann Archive.

Jefferson—"a careful observer."

nies of ignorance and superstition. Like others of his day Jefferson held that science would also improve the physical condition of man, and he sought useful applications of science in all areas, but chiefly in applied biology or agriculture. His most important scientific feat was in combatting the current French theory, held by Buffon, that animals and plants "degenerated" in the New World.

Like Franklin, Jefferson was an inventor and gadgeteer, but there the resemblance ends. Franklin made a fundamental contribution to pure science which is recognized the world over, and we still do him honor whenever we use the words that he introduced into electrical discourse, such as plus and minus, or positive and negative, electric battery, and so on. Had Franklin never entered the arena of political affairs, he would still be remembered as an important scientist of the eighteenth century. But Jefferson made no such fundamental contributions to science and our interest in "Thomas Jefferson: Scientist" derives wholly from our concern with "Thomas Jefferson: Political Philosopher and Statesman."

The question of the effect of scientific background or interest on the actions of political leaders is not without interest. We may surmise that Teddy Roosevelt's enthusiasm for a kind of natural history may have been related to his advocacy of conservation measures; but how was Garfield's policy related to his previous experience as a geometry teacher, or Hoover's to his having been a mining engineer? Did Jefferson behave in any way peculiar to a man well educated in the science of his day and who kept up as well as he was able with the scientific developments of his day? Unfortunately, Mr. Martin does not answer this question; indeed, his book may be described as informative, but not illuminating. The one point where Jefferson's scientific interests and political actions met—in the Lewis and Clark expedition—is hardly discussed.

Mr. Martin's book should prove of value to anyone who wishes to know in what areas Jefferson's scientific curiosity led him, how much he actually knew, and what he read. Details are provided concerning his many inventions and his ideas about the usefulness of science in the Baconian sense. There can be no question but that science was a dominant passion for Jefferson and that he took pride in his scientific accomplishments, such as they were, and that he was a careful observer and made accurate measurements. Mr. Martin devotes separate chapters to such subjects as inventions, paleontology and geology, meteorology, and the "degeneration" controversy. Jefferson emerges from his pages with added stature—as a better educated man than we might have thought and as one who, through his love of science, represented the "Enlightenment" at its highest.

I. Bernard Cohen is assistant professor of the history of science at Harvard University and managing editor of Isis.

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Science Notes

THE STARS: A New Way To See Them. By H. A. Rey. Houghton Mifflin. $4. "This book is meant for people who want to know just enough about the stars to go out at night and find the major constellations, for the mere pleasure of it." The introductions of most popular-science books include equally clear statements of purpose, but H. A. Rey's "The Stars" is one of the few that completely fulfils its good intentions. By the process of never forgetting his aims or his readers (and the book is certain to have a large and enthusiastic audience), the author has produced a beautiful, original, and fascinating guide to star-gazing.

Of course, it isn't quite as simple as that. Mr. Rey is a "one-man band" as far as popularizing skills are concerned. He is an amateur astronomer and an excellent illustrator; furthermore, he writes in an entertaining and informal manner. But, above all, he knows how to impart technical information by organizing it and then teaching one thing at a time. The book first describes the major star-grounds in a series of fifteen constellation charts which differ radically and refreshingly from conventional charts. They contain only the information needed for observing purposes (star-maps are often cluttered with confusing detail), and the shapes in the skies are drawn so that they can be recognized. Clean-cut match-stick figures are substituted for fancy drawings that would strain the flexible imagination of a Polonius.

Having described the constellations, Mr. Rey proceeds to the more difficult task of telling where and when they can be located. A dozen specially prepared calendar charts, including dates and times as well as the exact part of the sky to be watched, solve this problem as effectively as the constellation charts solve the problem of recognition. A final section goes into the how and why of elementary celestial mechanics and is based on another series of illustrations, three-dimensional models of the heavens which explain the motions of the earth and stars. "The Stars" is the best book available for its purpose. It is also a brilliant—and most reasonably priced—example of the combined use of art and writing in bringing science to the layman.

—John Pfeiffer.

SCIENCE AND HUMANISM. By Erwin Schroedinger. Cambridge University Press. $1.75. This stimulating and clearly written book focuses attention on a strange state of affairs in our

(*Continued on page* 38)

Fiction. Three, it seems, is a useful number in cataloguing both men and books. In a provocative article beginning on page 6, Edgar Ansel Mowrer separates the human race into three types, with the future of civilization as we know it resting on what he calls "The Third Man." In the review below, Shirley Barker, herself an historical novelist of note, divides that most popular of fictional forms into three and finds that Bruce Lancaster's rattling good story of espionage during the Revolutionary War belongs in her second group—*i.e.*, for two-fisted men. (Miss Barker's own books, we should add, fall into her third group.) Mr. Lancaster's novel and "Tales of Adventurers," Geoffrey Household's collection of short adventure stories, will both make good hammock companions for many males this summer. . . . Fiction fanciers fond of spotting promising new literary talent should look hopefully into George Williams's "The Blind Bull" (page 19) and Clara Winston's "The Closest Kin There Is" (page 20).

Hunting Down History

THE SECRET ROAD. By Bruce Lancaster. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 259 *pp.* $3.50.

By Shirley Barker

THREE ways are open to the historical novelist picking up his pen today, and whichever way he chooses he will have readers, for Americans are curious about their past as a country—eager, perhaps, to escape into it for reassurance. He—or more often she—may belong by both taste and artistic capacity to what is known as "the plunging neckline school," and use history merely to season and color a lusty sex drama. He—and this writer usually will be he—may prefer to write the virile, two-fisted tale with much pistol play, swift-paced as a gangster movie, chaste and pure in its romance. The third group work with greater art and higher seriousness, and never lose sight of the fact that their first duty is to present a record of human emotions that are universal, their second to place it against the background of its time and interpret that time.

Bruce Lancaster is one of our successful practitioners of the second group. His favorite hunting ground is the period of the American Revolution. He has gone back to it and brought home to us a lively story of the secret service operating out of Manhattan, along the Sound, and across to Connecticut during 1780, when both sides are squaring off and maneuvering into place for the final round at Yorktown the next year. Its hero, Lieutenant Grant Ledyard, escaping from British capture, is picked up by Robert Townsend, key man in the Continental spy ring, and sent across Long Island to Setauket by the famous "secret road," Washington's main artery of information. He goes into the service of Major Tallmadge in Fairfield, finds himself in exciting difficulties on nearly every page—which are never too much for him, if sometimes a little too much for the reader, takes a leading part in uncovering the Arnold-Andre treason, and arrives on the last page, safe and planning his wedding.

Mr. Lancaster has used the right historical sources well and lovingly. He is really excited about this phase of Revolutionary history, and he communicates his excitement. His pictures of Townsend and Andre—real men—are careful and convincing, and the finest things in the book. He is not so interested in his fictional characters. Rosa's eyes are blue on page 53 and green on page 241 because Rosa is really not important. Also, to describe Alexander Hamilton as "a fine-looking man" leaves us a little unsatisfied, since if he is to appear at all he deserves a more accurate portrait.

But the book has value because it brings authentic history to the impatient reader who will never take it a slower way. Its blending of real figures with imaginary ones is skilfully done, and if it underplays its great moments—such as that evening on the Sound when a trick turns the British fleet back from Newport—that is perhaps in keeping with the spirit of the patriots who watched the event; and as such is a fitting thing.

Shirley Barker is the author of two novels with an American historical background and the recently published book of poetry "A Land and A People."

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An Elder Lightfoot

TALES OF ADVENTURERS. By Geoffrey Household. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 247 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

GEOFFREY Household and Graham Greene were for many years the most successful of the British writers of gangster and spy melodramas, until Mr. Greene's preoccupation with religion and morbid psychology enabled him to broaden his literary horizon and escape from the narrower field of international intrigue and suspense. Mr. Household has lived in Spain, South America, and the Near East. In Bucharest at the age of twenty he was confidential secretary of the Bank of Rumania, and he has served as an army intelligence officer in Syria, Palestine, and Iran. As well as any man he knows the lethal and neurotic characters, the fugitives with false passports, the traders in black markets, and the secret agents who carry on their strange trade throughout the world.

"Tales of Adventurers" reveals his superb craftsmanship for the short story. Some of them have a bizarre climax, others are the essence of danger and fear combined with a kind of gruesome humor. "The Hut," for example, is drawn from an incident following the end of the Resistance Movement in France, in which a group of Englishmen steal a murderous French traitor who had been kidnapped in Spain and brought to England in a submarine chaser. Since English law could not touch him their object was to execute him in a hut over an abandoned mine shaft, but the traitor is so insufferably and humbly polite that no one is able to kill him until he turns his back to them when the day is far advanced.

"Woman in Love" is an example of a surprise ending. It is concerned with an apparently harmless and lovely Rumanian girl who has been given a passport which enables her to escape to Sweden to marry her lover. A trained anti-Communist spy, she had been given a page of statistics to memorize and then destroy, which revealed the movements and installations of the Russian Army along the frontier. She is searched diligently at every border, but her happiness is so infectious that even the cautious Czechs had not taken the trouble to investigate her notebook, where under the cover lay the document she had forgotten to burn that would have destroyed her and the entire network of secret agents in Rumania. In another story a sybaritic and wealthy

Geoffrey Household—"craftsmanship."

Rumanian refugee in London determined that since he could not endure English cooking he must go to Bucharest to kidnap the chef of the city's finest restaurant.

In two of the most ambitious stories in the volume there is a strain of mysticism which is rare in this type of fiction. "Debt of Honor" is the story of an Anglican archdeacon who for years has protected and preserved the integrity of a hardy race of warrior and cattlemen in his draughty diocese of three million square miles in southern Africa. When he is called to higher duties in England, his accounts were twelve hundred pounds short. He had given the money to a witch doctor so that in his absence the rain would fall when it was needed and would not fall when it was not. The prayers of the Church of England, he believed, were not the only possible ritual for divine help and compassion.

In "Three Kings" an English geologist penetrates deep into the bleak desert of Iran in search of a legendary luminous mountain. At the point of no return he captures a Russian seeking uranium and together they discover the body of a fugitive priest who has carved a cross in the radioactive but worthless mass of metal. The discussions between these two dedicated men in the midst of the arid Martian landscape marks the high point of this remarkable book. These tales of adventure, written over a period of seven years, seem to indicate that, like Graham Greene, Mr. Household is no longer content with melodramatic tales of escape and capture but is now concerned with the reasons for continued savagery in a world that is presumed to be at peace.

"Not by Blood...."

THE BLIND BULL. By George Williams. New York: Abelard Press. 469 pp. $3.50.

By Martin Rice

IN THIS first novel, Mr. Williams has taken a conventional, not to say over-worked situation and constructed a novel of compelling interest and freshness. His hero, Major Clem Sweeny of the occupation forces, is dying in a hospital bed on Saipan. He is dying not of the knife wound in his side but of a lack of will to live. While the medical officers are working to keep him alive, the Major is reviewing the life he is now willing to give up. On the surface it had been a successful life: As a boy on a Texas farm he had been orphaned by violence, run off to live first with the Mexicans, then with the footloose fisherman who worked the Gulf. Later, aided by his father's repentant murderer, he had gone on to college, become a successful lawyer, and aspirant to the governorship of Texas.

This, however, is but the surface of Mr. Williams's story. Despite its standard story-book elements it is handled with consummate skill and conviction. In particular one admires the deft ease with which Mr. Williams shifts the reader back and forth through the flashbacks of his complicated time sequence. But the larger concern—and special virtue—of the novel lies in the vivid rendering of the Major's attempt throughout his life, and now at the moment when he faces death, to penetrate the shams and shibboleths of his society and to discover for himself a true morality. The problem of good and evil as it is reflected in our sexual conventions, our standards of success, our conceptions of loyalty, our racial, social, and political prejudices, our crimes, our guilts, and our wars is the problem obsessing the Major.

Much of this is developed through straight narrative and a skilled use of linking symbols. Some of it comes through in the form of an antiphonal chorus by two characters remembered from the Major's past. The Old Man, a fishing captain, propounds the positive or optimistic view of Man's fate. An anonymous captain presents the cynical view of our jungle life. Novelistically this is a weak device, but Mr. Williams is almost successful in his handling of it.

Here is a serious and rewarding first novel which—if it provides no answers—raises important questions and considers these questions thoughtfully.

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Broken Attachment

THE CLOSEST KIN THERE IS. By Clara Winston. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 244 pp. $3.

By JEROME STONE

OF the many varieties of *psychopathia sexualis* on full public view in the literary market-place these days, the classic theme of incest is one of the few that is still veiled in oblique suggestion. It is the development, fruition, and destructive severance of this attachment between Lloyd Dary and his sister Phyllis that is dealt with directly, but tastefully, in this competent first novel.

For a family which has always made it a point to be as proudly self-contained as have the Darys, locked in austere isolation on the rock-strewn slopes of their Vermont farm, such an attachment is adumbrated in their total mutual dependence. Under the leadership of the mother, an archetypal matriarch whose fierce love anticipates their every need and whose perverse strength of will keeps them precariously unified, the Darys have set themselves against the world.

Phyllis, who had broken away briefly and lived in Boston, but who has returned in response to her old father's mindless, plaintive request, senses the basic unhealthiness of the family situation and yet is unable to fight the ties of blood dependency which bind them all together.

One snowbound winter the father, whose mind has proved incapable of withstanding the harsh life his body has once thrived on, is taken to a state institution for prolonged observation. The mother breaks her hip in a cruel wood-chopping accident and is hospitalized. And Lloyd and Phyllis are left alone together in the hermetic world of the farm. In a moment compounded of physical desire and mutual protectiveness, they become lovers. On her return the mother, sensing with dim but certain intuition the change that has occurred, and driven as much by unconscious sexual jealousy as by conscious maternal concern for the children's welfare, opens at last the door to the outside world and pushes Lloyd into a marriage which he does not want and which leads, in an abrupt, tragic, and oddly irresolute ending, to the family's final dissolution.

Viewed from the vantage-point of hindsight, the dark and fruitless lives of the Darys are seen to comprise a rather special case, and do not attain permanent credibility. However, it is to Clara Winston's credit that credibility is maintained, with only occasional lapses, during one's actual immersion in the story, for her rather spare, brief style of narration does not permit of much psychological analysis and it forces her statements of action to carry their own authenticity. But she has a sure sense of the story-teller's craft.

The attempt has been to present a complex set of human relationships, the roots of which go deeper than words can easily reach, and if Miss Winston fails to expose those roots, she nonetheless reveals with deft sureness the blighted flower.

Fiction Notes

HIGH MORNING FOG. By Markham Harris. Lippincott. $3.50. There are a couple of triangles in this pleasant but rather ambling light novel. The first involves Paul Saxton, who is in love with Alice Piper, who is married to Lawrence Piper. After Larry is dispatched by an accident, further development of Paul and Alice's affair is impeded by Alice's pregnancy. In the end they get together. The other affair concerns Paul's sister Carol who seems to be illicitly involved with a sinister-appearing character named Enrico Costello. Couldn't she interest herself in that nice Father Silver? Or maybe the author intends Gene Matthias, eccentric musician, for her. You can find out if you care to, without too much pain. Mr. Harris's prose tends to the somewhat overelaborate literary joke, and his characters can not open their mouths without letting fall a wisecrack.

DIANA WAKEFIELD. By Michael Figgis. Macmillan. $3. In his first novel Michael Figgis attempts to elevate a fairly conventional love story with some rather wordy speculations on the problems of integrity and spiritual responsibility. It cannot be said that he has been altogether successful. The story is of Diana, who before the war married an older man of higher social station. On his various leaves she discovered she didn't really love him. After the war she discovers she does love Nigel Farnham, who has been in her husband's company during the war. The resolution of this triangular problem takes some time and involves not only Diana's family and the family of her husband—Charles, but also a philosophical old general who sounds off whenever Diana and Nigel do not. Apart from these wordy attempts to grapple with his theme, Mr. Figgis has some conspicuous faults as a novelist. The most annoying to me was his tendency to avoid the big scenes toward which he keeps building. Thus Diana's revelation to her husband that she loves another—the turning point in the plot—is referred to briefly in a letter and never shown. I suppose if we'd been given the action there wouldn't have been so much room for the talk, but I can't feel that Mr. Figgis's choice was a wise one.

THE RED CARPET. By Dan Wickenden. Morrow. $3.50. The growing pains of innocent youth facing the tests and temptations of the adult world can provide the material for a comedy or a tragedy. Mr. Wickenden has chosen, in "The Red Carpet," to treat the matter lightly. His aim is a comedy, with pathetic overtones. His product is a period piece dealing with New York in the mid-Thirties as seen by a would-be writer dewy-fresh from Lupton, Illinois. Jason Bent was twenty-two when he tackled New York and I doubt if there has been a more innocent character since Willie Baxter. In New York he got himself a job, visited the bright bars, newly reopened to replace the obsolete speakeasies, fell in love with a friend's wife, suffered, saw Greenwich Village, Sutton Place, and other points of interest. He also suffered a brief and incredible attack of syphilophobia which ended—after some other matters had been straightened out—in his return to Lupton and the arms of waiting Winifred. Presumably he was a maturer person, but I for one doubt it. For purposes of humor Mr. Wickenden has overplayed his innocence to such an extent that he has made him almost an idiot. The period touches are nice though, and accurate. And the prose, when the author isn't getting too coy with his hero, has the refreshing clarity that distinguished Mr. Wickenden's earlier—and better—novels.

THE LOVELY SEASON. By Virginia Evans. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50. The problem of the epileptic has been taken as the basis of this somewhat extended novel. Maggie Harrison had been a lovely, attractive, outgoing girl until she discovered that she was subject to epileptic seizures and discovered more importantly the fear and distaste with which people reacted to this fact. She was turned into a bitter, shrewish wife. The process of this transformation occupies most of Miss Evans's novel. At its end she sets her heroine and her long-suffering husband back on the path to happiness and fulfilment in a transformation scene that is a little too swift to be convincing though obviously well intentioned.

In addition to treating the problem of prejudiced reactions to her hero-

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ine's affliction, Miss Evans has attempted to broaden her canvas by including numerous asides on the question of racial prejudice. These are never too well integrated but again show good intentions and a healthy if not a novelistically successful approach to the problem of bigotry in all its forms.

MERRY - GO - ROUND. By John Guthrie. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3. The British have a gift for amiably satirizing their own minor foibles, and in "Merry-Go-Round" Mr. Guthrie exercises that gift to provide a few hours of pleasant and harmless diversion. The targets are the usual ones: British culture as represented by those who work in societies for its propagation; British bureaucracy and the unfortunate—but never important—results that come from its meddling and muddling methods; British diffidence and indirection especially as evidenced in their love-life. The characters include Peter Smith, a stock juvenile, who works in the Society for British Culture and who is obviously never going to get anywhere but is going to have a gay time doing it; Hilda, Valerie, and Laura, attractive girls of a kind he can get as far as a bed but never beyond; and an assortment of office-holders who all have ridiculous quirks. There is also an enchanting villain named Watt, who is certainly one of the most engaging confidence men to appear in recent fiction. He does a lot to lift the level of what would otherwise have been a fairly routine entertainment.

THIS WOMAN. By Albert Idell. Red Seal Books, New York, 35¢. Mr. Idell, who is customarily to be found celebrating in gently nostalgic terms our more recent past—as in "Centennial Summer" and "Bridge to Brooklyn"—has taken a somewhat different tack in this latest novel. The problem with which he is concerned is the sexual preoccupations of the man in middle years. Howard Watts, successful Philadelphia industrialist, has been married for twenty years and has had a pleasantly undemanding mistress on the side for some time. Now he finds that his indifference to his wife has turned into active dislike and that his roving eye is finding quite a number of amorous opportunities. One of these turns into an active but finally unsuccessful love affair. In the end Sarah, his wife, pulls him back into the path of dreary marital rectitude and his climacteric is presumably over.

Mr. Idell has set down his slight story with considerable pleasant skill. His views of suburban life are amusing in acid fashion, and his picture of Howard and his problems is persuasive and occasionally even moving. I doubt, however, that the ladies will like his view of wives and of middle-class matrimony; it is decidedly dim.

THE BARKING OF A LONELY FOX. By Guido D'Agostino. McGraw-Hill. $3. A warm understanding of the problems as well as the rewards of a life on the land invests Mr. D'Agostino's latest novel with a special solid appeal. Romantic, though not sentimental, he argues by implication for a way of life that has pretty well disappeared from American letters if not from America. His story is of the Barettos family, second and third generation Americans of Italian and Irish background. In particular it is the story of Julian, who loved not only the land but also Lucille, daughter of the neighboring gentleman farmer, and Gloria, his foster sister. Mr. D'Agostino has worked out his tale of how Julian won his battle for a good life on his Pennsylvania dairy farm and resolved the problem of his dual love with a wealth of affectionate detail, a sensitive perception of the ambivalent drives which modify the course of men's lives, and a high regard for the craft of storytelling. Here is a sound book in an established, and recently much neglected, tradition which won't set you dancing in the streets but should provide a number of hours of quiet enjoyment and satisfaction.

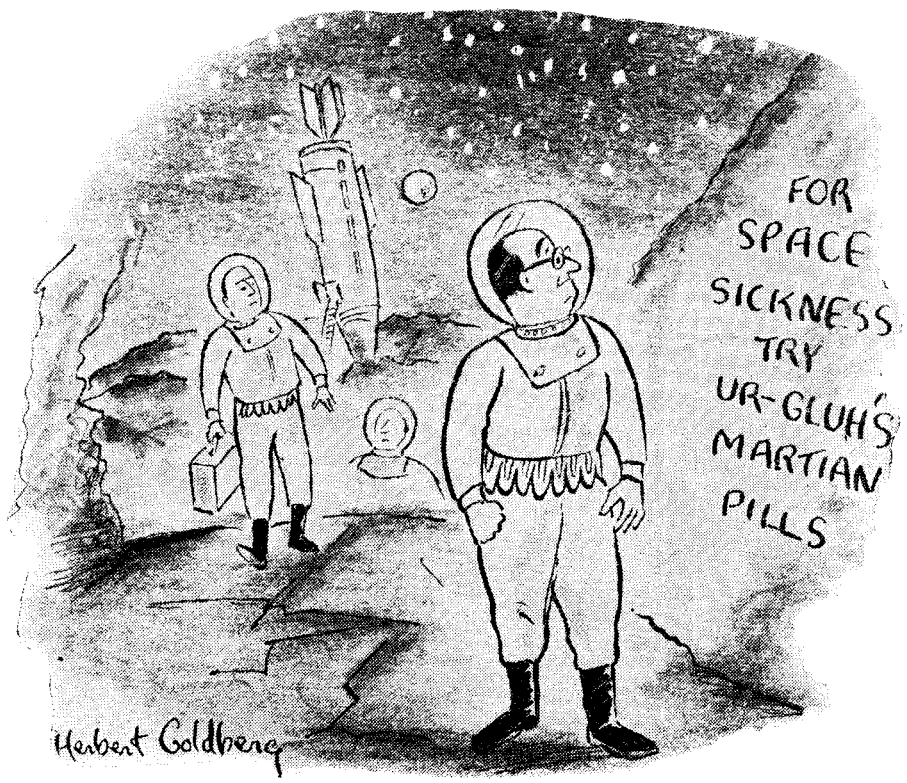
—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

A LENGTH OF ROPE. By Monroe Engel. Random House. $3. Midway in Mr. Engel's novel, his hero doodles the phrase "A Significant Life" on a scrap of paper, which he eventually burns to ashes. By this act he summarizes the object and ultimate frustration of his eccentric career. Alexander Forward, the leading figure of "A Length of Rope," is a successful businessman who breaks completely with his past life in an effort to find a more satisfactory level of existence. The act of kicking over the traces is not sufficiently rewarding in itself, as it is for Sherwood Anderson's businessman rebels, but merely the beginning of a futile exploration of life's possibilities.

Forward deserts the comforts of material success and becomes a menial worker in a mental institution, hoping by this device to get closer to realities which have thus far eluded him. His observations only result in confirming his cynicism, and he comes to the Nietzschean conclusion that violence is the only principle worth adhering to. When he attempts to translate this principle into action, he destroys both himself and the happiness of those in whose lives he has meddled. If there is any moral to all of this, it is that life cannot be governed by inert principles.

Mr. Engel develops his novel in an interesting but uneven fashion. His most disturbing weakness is an apparent inability to maintain a consistent tone of expression for his characters.

—Martin Levin.



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The Saturday Review

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The Garret & the Masterpiece

THE creative artist needs help. He has always needed help. But he hasn't always received it. Some of the reasons for this grow out of three misconceptions concerning the creative arts in general and creative people in particular.

The first of these misconceptions is the one which says that the artist or writer or musician or independent scholar does not have to be supported because, if he has something in him that deserves to find expression, it will come out anyway. Related to this is the misconception that creative people work best under conditions of personal stress.

Over the years we have been in a position to observe the ways in which authors and artists work. We know of dozens of cases in which demonstrated creative ability has been dammed up waiting the proper conditions for release, but where the conditions never materialized. We know of young authors whose first books were lavishly praised but who never had the chance to develop or test their talent. We know of young artists whose early work won prizes in exhibitions but whose spirit was broken because they could not eat blue ribbons or cash favorable reviews. Many of these artists turned commercial "just to keep going." A few of them were able after several years to resume their careers as serious painters. Most of them, however, had their feelings of romance for painting so dimmed as the result of day-in-and-out pressures that they never did make the journey back. Nor can they be universally blamed. A society which venerates material success as a social and frequently as a moral yardstick cannot in good conscience blame the artist for mirroring those values.

In any event, we must scotch the fallacy that good artists, writers, musicians, or scholars are not affected by personal adversity. For every story of a famous artist who continued to work creatively despite hunger, sickness, and misery, there are countless instances of those who stopped working when they stopped eating. Cervantes might have done more if he hadn't been demoralized by hardship. Vondel, frequently referred to as the Dutch Shakespeare, carried on as long as he could despite intense privation, then gave up. Camoens, the Portuguese poet, receiving a complaint that he had failed to deliver verses as promised, replied: "When I wrote verses while a young man, I had sufficient food, was a lover, and beloved by many friends and by the ladies. Then I felt poetical ardor. Now I have no spirits, no peace of mind." Camoens's former servant tried to keep him alive by going out on the streets at night foraging and begging for food.

Balzac made money and had no trouble spending it. Whatever his personal inadequacy as a budget-balancer, however, we do know that he worked poorly or not at all when unable to pay his bills. Rossini was accused of prostituting his vast talent for money. He made little effort to refute the charge; it takes money to live. Christopher Smart, like any number of his contemporaries, enjoyed the benefactions of a patron. When the patron died, Smart's pension dried up and none other was forthcoming. Like ordinary mortals, he cracked up under adverse circumstances, became institutionalized, and died at the age of forty-nine.

The poverty of Pierre Corneille has frequently been exaggerated. What is true, however, is that the eminent dramatist-poet occasionally suspended his work because he was in debt. It is said that Racine once found him in a state of acute hunger, reported the fact to Louis XIV, who only then sent Corneille enough money to get going again. Isaac Disraeli, who is authority for the story, also quotes from a petition to Parliament by the Marquis of Worcester during the reign of Charles II, asking for money to finance himself and to publish his "Centenary of Inventions." The money was not granted and the account of the inventions was lost. There is reason to believe, says Disraeli, that inventions similar to the steam-engine and telegraph were among them.

Perhaps only one other poet in English literature can match Spenser's gift for perfectionism in verse. Yet Spenser died, in Ben Jonson's words, "for lack of bread." True, he died under circumstances of political strife so great that the actual cause of his death may have been obscured. But there can be no doubt that his later years were robbed of productiveness because of poverty. As he himself wrote:

> Full little knowest thou, that
> hast not try'd,
> What Hell it is, in suing long
> to bide.

and:

> To fawn, to crouch, to wait,
> to ride, to run,
> To speed, to give, to want, to
> be undone.

What emerges from all this is not the determination of the artist to create despite all obstacles but the fact that the artist has frequently been hurt or diminished because of the bland assumption that an artist is a somewhat separate species capable of living indefinitely on art and adulation.

THE second general misconception is that literature or music or art, if only it is good enough, will pay its own way through public acceptance.

The contemporary refutation of this fallacy is Gian-Carlo Menotti. He is now generally regarded as one of the most gifted young writers of serious music in America; yet his work, however excellent, has for the most part failed to pay its own way. "The Medium" and "The Telephone" did not pay their own way when first produced. It was only the intervention of a few sponsors who believed

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in Menotti that kept the operas going.

Hundreds of American writers, painters, and musicians have benefited from the grants of foundations, the most active in which in this particular field has been the Guggenheim. Out of all these grants has come an impressive number of artistic creations which do considerable credit to both artist and foundation. There is scarcely a first-rate publisher whose lists have not been enhanced through such works, many of which the publisher himself could not have afforded to underwrite. If we make the statement that these books would somehow have been written or published even without foundation support, we may be only partially right. And to the extent that we may be partially wrong, we would have been deprived of books and paintings and music and scholarship which I think on analysis we would have regarded as serious losses.

In the old days, an artist had a patron or friends or took pains with his dedications. Dedicatees, at least in those days, could usually be counted upon to kick in with some negotiable appreciation. Galland, translator of the "Arabian Nights," was thoughtful enough to dedicate each tale to a different person. No one knows what the average dedication brought, but at least Galland was sufficiently enterprising to pick the one literary property with more tales than most books have pages. One thousand and one may not be an even number but it probably was converted into a nice round sum.

Galland wasn't the only creative person who knew the advantage of omnibus dedications. When Chapman translated Homer, sixteen of the sonnets were dedicated to various lords and ladies. And Spenser found it necessary to include no fewer than fifteen special-address sonnets in the "Faery Queen" to actual and potential benefactors. Dryden's dedications were so thick and syrupy that it seems scarcely possible that they weren't even more embarrassing to the patrons than to the author himself. Maybe that was the way it was intended to be. The ego can travel a long way before it knows it has been taken for a ride, but surely it must want to get out and walk home when comparisons are made to the Divinity.

All of the foregoing is intended to suggest three things. First, that it is not necessarily true that the creative person can create with or without vitamins. Second, that not every work of art has been supported on its merits, if, indeed, it has been supported at all. Third, that certain forms of support for the artist are degrading, demoralizing, and debilitating. They harm not only the artist but the community-at-large. A good artist is a prism for refracting beauty and truth; he is to be supported not because it is thoughtful to keep people from being hungry—that is the function of charity or government—but because the human community cannot live fully or joyously unless its sense of beauty is exercised and proclaimed. It is the artist's job to deal with these things of beauty in order to provide not necessarily a joy forever but a touch of loveliness that will last as long as society's capacity for beauty will last.

THIS brings us to the next misconception detrimental to the humanities: That great art is something which by its very nature endures, is never lost, and therefore does not have to be specially supported or protected when it is first brought into being, assuming one is able to recognize it for the work of genius that it is.

We begin with the first part of this fallacy. We pay both honor and attention to the Greeks and the Romans, as we should, but we have so far mined only a fraction of the cultural treasures of those times. This is not to say that Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides *et al* were a mere sampling of an Athenian constellation as yet far beyond our historical range finders. What it does mean is that cosmic classical riches have been lost not only through carelessness but through ignorance. Juvenal, Persius, and Martial have fared well, but can we say the same of Livy or Cicero or Virgil or Horace or Sophocles or Aeschylus or Xenophon or Aristophanes? It was only the sheerest accident which made it possible for Cicero's "De Republica" to come to light. This key item of Cicero's essays had served as the base for a surprinting of a tract on the psalms and was not discovered until 1823. Another valuable Cicero essay, "De Gloria," spoken of so glowingly by Petrarch, may never come to light; its last known address was a nineteenth century pawn shop. Let us not forget that Quintilian was discovered in a rubbish heap in a monastery of St. Gallo; that the original manuscript of Justinian's Pandects was discovered in Calabria by the Pisans; that the works of Agopard were about to be used to reinforce bindings in a bookbinder's shop in Lyon when they were accidentally discovered by Papirius Masson; and that one of the original Magna Chartas, with all its fancy seals and signatures, was discovered by Sir Robert Cotton, in one hand of a tailor, poised scissors in the other hand ready to cut into the parchment for use as measuring slips. Still other instances: The manuscript of Montaigne's "Journal of his Travels to Italy" was not published until many generations after it had been written, when it was finally uncovered in a worm-eaten coffer in Montaigne's former chateau. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters were lost by her lawyer in his own office. Some nonlegal reason no doubt. The propensity of lawyers, publishers, and editors for this sort of thing is a historic fact, as bewildered authors and their estates can attest. But one might as soon attempt to reform the solar system as set about reforming the desk habits of editors and lawyers.

The most famous discovery, of course, is a contemporary one. The literary imagination prides itself on its shockproof faculty, but it was staggered a few years ago when announcement was made of the appearance of the Boswell papers. Few stories in literature can compare with the towering drama of such treasures so long hidden and then suddenly coming to light.

AND what of the countless hundreds of other manuscripts and early editions that have rotted in attics or trunks, or that were dumped or burned and whose very existence at one time was not even a matter of record? What about the books that died as manuscripts not because of lack of intrinsic worth but because a publisher may not have had the resources or the judgment or the imagination or the confidence to accept them? What about physical difficulties in the way of publishing books and keeping them alive?

Most importantly, what about the

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destruction of books or works of art for destruction's sake? Clarence Day to the contrary, a good book can die—through murder and, more especially, through neglect. So far as book burnings are concerned, where manuscripts or other copies are available, the books survive. But when the destroyer is able to burn the only existing copies, the books die. So far as neglect is concerned, consider Alexandria. At one time, Alexandria was the greatest literary and artistic city in the world. Whether with respect to its library, its art treasures, or the creative activities of its citizens, Alexandria was a forcing-house of genius. It could have been another Athens. But it wasn't. Over a period of time, the conditions of creative activity were altered or damaged. Wars, sickness, human depletion, crassness combined to destroy Alexandria. The famous library didn't die all at once. For a long period before Caliph Omar arrived on his leveling expedition the library was slowly dying of neglect—always more destructive than combustion. Incidentally, the most valuable item lost or destroyed in the Alexandrian library was the master list or catalogue file. Hundreds of thousands of manuscripts were lost; and there is no record to tell us what these manuscripts were or the subject matter they covered.

YES, books can die of burning or neglect. And no one knows how many books which had been conceived in the minds of their authors were never written. Hitler did more than merely burn books; he burned the creators of books. There is no answer to this system of preventive cultural assassination. No answer, that is, except one. That is the inspired resolution of free men to keep alive the conditions of creative progress against all attackers—from within no less than from without.

When Hitler himself died in the great fire of Berlin, the ultimate challenge to human decency and progress did not die with him. Today, in many parts of the world, art and culture are being poured into stultifying political moulds. And artistic and cultural sterilization has been practiced on numberless men of genius. No one knows what magnificent compositions within the original creative potential of Shostakovich will never be produced because in that society the worst thing that can happen to a man is not to create bad art or music but to be a deviationist. And to dozens of Shostakovich's colleagues, whether in music or art or literature, the gift of a creative potential will be meaningless so long as their work will be reviewed not by free critics but by the state itself. No state in history has known enough to do a successful job of cultural criticism. Government is difficult enough without having to take upon itself and unto itself the job of defining the good, the true, and the beautiful.

I stress this last point because the question of how best to contribute to the humanities—inside or outside the university—must not be confined to a narrow answer. Even before we contribute money, we must contribute convictions. We can put those convictions to work today in protecting a free and creative society. We can contribute our services to the fight against conformity. Contributing our decibels to the vocal fight against totalitarian suppression abroad is not enough. There is the need to contribute our voices and our energies to a mobilization at home against know-nothingism and cultural vigilantism. We can contribute the products of good sense in not allowing a free society to be destroyed by home-grown and self-appointed dictators of the public morality who expect that they have only utter the words "anti-Communist" to qualify as leaders. The fight against Communism will not be won by reducing our liberties but by enlarging them; not by imitating the Communist in his police-state psychology but by respecting and indeed exalting the strength of an open society; not by peddling slogans but by a careful understanding of what it is we are resisting and what it is we intend to keep.

It is not necessarily true that the artist or writer is an aloof figure who is disdainful of the surrounding community. When the community itself has respect for the artist, when it develops a sense of responsibility towards the creative life, we will find that the artist will need no further inducement to become an actively proud and proudly active member of that community.

—N. C.

Bookmarks

Laurence Clark Powell, UCLA librarian, has a study measuring nine feet by nine which is furnished with a desk, three chairs, two lamps, a radio, a filing cabinet, two sectional wall bookcases, one under-the-window bookcase, thirty-five pictures, and about a thousand books. (We lift these statistics from a pleasant collection of informal essays, "Islands of Books," which the Ward Ritchie Press of Los Angeles recently published.) Although this snap layout would probably appal an interior decorator if he could squeeze through the doorway (the door must open out), we ourselves are disturbed only by the absence of a typewriter, which could easily go on top of the filing cabinet. Sitting in one of his three chairs (the other two, like the top of the filing cabinet, are doubtless book-filled), Mr. Powell can probably reach any book on his shelves without getting on his feet.

* * *

We hope the day will come when the talking book, an inestimable boon to the physically handicapped (for it benefits many besides the blind), will be generally available to the able-bodied as well. One is frequently engaged in a chore that occupies the hands and leaves the mind receptive—to what? The moment's radio fare may be too petty, and Beethoven's Ninth too vast, to start the engine. A good, or even a mediocre, talking book may then do a fine job of priming.

* * *

The first Baedeker for the United States, issued in 1893, contained a helpful glossary of "words of frequent use" on this side of the water "in a sense not commonly known in England." Much of the list is already archaic. We no longer say *clever* in the sense of good-natured, *gums* when we mean overshoes, *safe* for larder, *ties* for low shoes—we no longer, in fact, say *low shoes*. *Drummer* is done for, and so is the *gripsack* he carried. We still tend to call railroad coaches *cars*, but *the cars*, for a whole train, has reached the end of the line. The manual contains, among much else, a reading list for intending British travelers which is of most impressive dimensions. It includes Bryce's "The American Commonwealth," De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," "The Federalist," Von Holst's "Constitutional History of the United States," Johnson's "History of American Politics," two titles by John Fiske, histories by Bancroft, McMaster, Lossing, Winsor, Hildreth, Henry Adams, Ridpath, Higginson, Doyle, Comte de Paris, and Whitney, plus ten books of travel in America by Englishmen, including Matthew Arnold and Dickens. By now the putative pilgrim must have missed at least two boats, and so had time to devote himself, in accordance with guidebook's recommendations, to the "John (*sic*) Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, ed. by Prof. Herbert B. Adams." These chores accomplished, the tourist probably tossed a couple of light novels into his bag and fled to the Riviera. —J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Symptoms & Prescription

▶ IF ONE WERE to try to give a prescription for the ills of the book trade as of now, here are a few of the symptoms which the patient has developed in the past year.

1.) The Federal Trade Commission has issued a show cause order on six publishers, five of whom have issued *nolo contenderes* on count one, which is the wholesaler price clause.

2.) Outside of a few preliminary hearings, little has been done on the question which most greatly concerns the bookseller, the leased plate clause to determine the right of publishers to lease their plates to Book Clubs at a specified royalty, which privilege enables the clubs to undersell the publisher on his own product. Little will be done until the wholesaler case is disposed of.

3.) The expenses of the bookseller have mounted, as have the expenses of most every other retail establishment. A slight improvement has been made in increasing profit margins. A few publishers, notably Doubleday, have absorbed mounting delivery costs. There has been some improvement in technical book discounts.

4.) People want to buy books and, whenever anything worthwhile appears, the response is good. Publishers' lists of shooting books are decreasing, but still 50 per cent of the fiction and non-fiction titles are not reorder items (usually returns). The shops are still staggering along with a minimum return on a maximum investment. The average bookseller is still at the mercy of the publisher's whims. He is still looking for items to bring in the profits he needs to survive.

So let's sum it all up. The public wants to buy books, the bookseller wants to and knows how to sell books, the publisher wants to publish books (lots of them), and still we wind up with fewer people going into bookselling, a complete lack of interest in young people going into the book business even if they have a heritage, and a great many titles which no one wants to buy.

Being a bookseller of some years, considerable volume, many sidelines, and the colossal audacity to have tried to bring a semblance of order out of the confusion which is the book distribution problem today, I would like to offer a prescription which calls for a heavy dose of logic, a minimum of understanding, and a reasonable willingness to arbitrate on a give-and-take level. This prescription must be taken simultaneously by publishers, authors, booksellers, and—while they belong in the latter category but do not choose to be considered there because they consider themselves a privileged class—the Book Clubs.

What is the normal function of a supplier? To give the public what it wants at the price it wants to pay; to create a confidence in the mind of the public in the quality and worth of his product. Of course, there is a market for all prices of a book, but certainly not the same product at all prices. Certainly, timing is an important factor in the sale of books, but how can we create a renewed demand for a product which mass merchandises itself out of its market at one fell swoop. I am referring, of course, to the twenty-five-cent market. How can we expect people to buy our new products, if past performance indicates a collapsing price structure in sixty days. Our merchandise is not perishable, but we treat it as though it were. The value of the printed word has never deteriorated, except in our own minds. The public buys books because it feels the need of them. It does not differentiate between fiction, self-help, juvenile, religious, or text. Bargain combination offers are devices of merchandising minds, which lose sight of the fact that books should increase in value with demand instead of decreasing. Certain of our products can and have been upgraded through fine binding and packaging, books like "The Robe" and "The Yearling," which sold well in deluxe editions two years after original publication. Even "The Greatest Story Ever Told" still sells in a deluxe edition in spite of having run the gamut from Book Clubs to thirty-five-cent editions.

So, I believe the fault lies in timing and appreciation of our product. Book Clubs can and should feed a certain market, which thus far is not reached through normal sale channels, but they have reached into the fields of normal outlets as price-cutting competitors and make their appeal through the umbrella of price protection and establishment held over them by the legitimate dealer.

There never will be enough books published to justify the establishment of a double price line. Even fifty publicized books a year cut priced through club distribution methods are enough to destroy the confidence of 150 million Americans and possibly twenty million buyers in our self-created price structure.

My prescription is simple. Publish fewer books, maintain prices longer, develop back-lists by withholding titles even from the reprint market. Drop books slowly into reprint classifications. Withhold titles from the twenty-five-cent market for at least two years. Demand will still exist. Let the Book Clubs merchandise older titles for which demand has never been realized. The forthcoming reissue of a Carson book, "Under the Sea-Wind," is a perfect example, as are many titles such as Herman Wouk's earlier book, "City Boy." The clubs would profit and so would publisher and author.

If the clubs must market newly created merchandise, let them go to the authors or experts and create it themselves instead of fattening themselves on the fruits of the present system of publisher accounting. Let the author be less greedy for an immediate Book Club return. If the work is good, it can be mass marketed, club-wise, in six months to a year with excellent results and he will benefit himself by receiving the full royalty on the greatest possible published price sale of his work. The public, too, will eventually benefit by the elimination of the

"I killed her because she called me four-eyes. Ever since I was two everybody's called me four-eyes, and I couldn't stand it any longer. I really couldn't . . ."

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work of poor authors frequently limelighted by unjustified Book Club selection and the clubs, too, will benefit as the readers will realize that selection has been made with its own taste having gone into the making.

The motion-picture industry has been clever enough to protect its output against television by refusing to release its product for about seven years. The theatre was also careful in releasing its properties to the movie industry, but books, which are the initial springboard for material, take no steps whatsoever to protect the primary distributional media, often (though never admittedly) the cause of the book catching hold.

Of course, this opens another avenue of discussion as to who or what makes a best seller, but that one can be sidestepped at this time in favor of the most vital problem of sales distribution.

Time is in our favor, for books will never die; but if we continue our present trend there is considerable doubt as to whether our present method of distribution can withstand the pressure of the insecurity created by false merchandising concepts.

HOWARD B. KLEIN.

Cleveland, Ohio.

"The Illiterate American Writer"

▶ AS A WRITER and as the publisher-editor of a newsletter dedicated to the activities of top professional writers and editors, I have a film of wrath before me as the result of reading Harold Strauss's article on "The Illiterate American Writer" [*SR* May 17].

First of all, anyone can tell that as an editor Mr. Strauss certainly doesn't prove or check the things he writes himself, or he wouldn't have made so many contradictory statements. He says among other things that writers lack education, yet he attacks them for turning to creative writing courses, to university fellowships, to foundations, and to publishers' contracts. The last three are supposedly not given unless the writer *is* creative, and the writer who turns to courses in creative writing is trying to do what every intelligent person tries—to heighten what he thinks is his specialized skill.

Then he upbraids writers for wanting security, paper security. If the security of paper greenbacks is something to be deplored, then Mr. Strauss should leave his own paper castle and spend his life scouring attics and hovels for the writer of his dreams. The writer of today does not depend upon his family begging for him or working for him so he can pursue his muse. He is realistic enough to know that the harder you work for a dream, the better it may develop.

When he compares writers with schizophrenics, he is so right, because writers not only have to write for themselves but for the minds of people like him, who are always trying to tell the writer how he *should* have thought or how his characters *should* behave. He razzed James Jones, for instance, for struggling with Elizabethan references in his National Book Awards acceptance speech: don't tell me that the erudite Mr. Strauss hasn't heard of geniuses in creative fields who find it very difficult to express themselves from a podium? He also seems to deride the great research into which writers must delve for their books. I'm sure a lot more writers would have a lot more time for reading the kind of things Mr. Strauss thinks necessary if editors and the buying public did not insist that backgrounds be accurate. Or should writers give up accuracy so as to better quote a bit of verse that has nothing to do with the kind of writing they prefer to do?

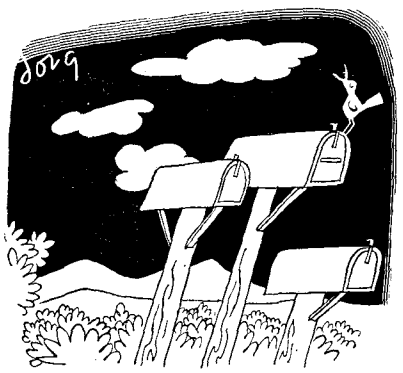
JESSYCA RUSSELL.

New York, N. Y.

Writer's Function

▶ OBVIOUSLY, AND RIGHTLY, annoyed by a few of the more esoteric products of the avant-garde, Mr. Strauss has unleashed his wrath and, in so doing, lost sight of the entire problem. The problem is simply: what is the function of the writer? This is quite different than the question: what should the writer deal with? Unfortunately, it is a difference which Mr. Strauss seems to have missed. Briefly, I consider it to be the function of the writer to impart to the reader some knowledge of the world and, by so doing, raise a little higher the windows of insight.

To hold a full-length mirror up to life; to write of love, loyalty, treason, the myriad of human emotions is all well and good, but it is not enough. What is needed is the dogmatic, conceited voice of the writer saying, "Here is something which you have not seen before and that is why I am writing this." And if the writer can accomplish this by using



as his mirror a tree-house, rocket-man, rifle squad, or the desert, where is there cause for complaint? Only if the writer fails can we justly complain, and only then. Of course it is only a method, but where is the madness to it? Where is the sick mind, the "schizophrenic rejection?"

Mr. Strauss offers no answer to this question. In fact, if one wished to play his dangerous game, Mr. Strauss, by his own rules, could be accused of rejecting the "great world," because he withdraws in horror from different pictures of it. He doesn't even "read further in the review."

(CPL.) EDWARD PLANER.

c/o Postmaster, N. Y.

God or Man

▶ ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.'s review of Whittaker Chambers's "Witness" is damnation with faint praise. If nothing else, the book is a keen and accurate analysis of the source of the conflict between Communism and the West. The key to the conflict of Communism vs. World is, as Chambers hammers home: God or Man. Communism offers the complete man-made, man-directed answer to the social and economic ills which we all recognize. In practice, it must be an infallible answer; its law and its morals are derived not from fairness and justice but from compatibilty with its conclusion. It denies freedom.

On the other hand, a belief in God presupposes freedom. In the very first place, we are free to believe or not to believe, for purposes of this life. But because of an overriding Power that is infinite and beyond man's control, but at the same time ultimately just and merciful, no man is ever possessed of the complete answer. Man cannot believe in God and be infallible. Nevertheless, this existing Power is at work among us and brings a positiveness that draws on the hearts and minds of men. Paradoxically, it is absolute but not so reducible or specific as to subject itself to any person's monopoly.

I suggest that belief in God is a force far beyond the capacity of such negative concepts as reform for reform's sake, or pragmatism, to meet directly the challenge of Communism.

ROBERT L. BLACK.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Slip

▶ THANKS TO A dirty trick played on me by my memory while writing my article, "Decline & Fall of the Whodunit" [*SR* May 31], I attributed to Dr. Johnson a remark concerning a woman flayed that should have been attributed to Dean Swift. Quite properly I have been rebuked in rhyme by this communication from Palmer Brown, of Bareville, Pa.:

You writers who dabble in learned allusion
Could spare us poor readers a deal of confusion,
If you would abstain, please, from casting adrift
By ascribing to Johnson the droppings of Swift.
For an error of this sort to some may suggest
That you are not aware that the Doctor was blessed
With a wit peremptory (betimes periphrastic),
But, unlike the Dean's, seldom quite so sarcastic,
Ironic or mordant or iconoclastic.

I'd like to think that my slip is proof that textual osmosis can and does occur (Boswell's "Johnson" and Swift's "A Tale of A Tub" have stood side by side in my library for thirty-odd years) but I'm afraid memory must take the rap.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Broadway Postscript

SUMMER SUBSTITUTES

TO THE run-of-the-mill theatre-goer Broadway's inevitable summer replacements seem simply a minor inconvenience, a slight tax to be paid for having been too busy to see the play earlier in the run. The cast changes eventuated by a star's summer vacation plans or motion picture commitments are generally accepted with the feeling that the substitute actors will be presenting at the very least a reasonable facsimile of the original performance.

Producers know differently, however. The inner chemistry of some Broadway hits is so unstable that the substitution of one actor for another can change the whole character of a production. This theatrical isotopy is observed even when the incoming performer attempts to copy every move and every inflection of his predecessor, and the net gain or loss in quality is not always directly proportionate to the comparative talent of the actors involved.

Stable productions where the material has been praised as much as have those who perform it are less vulnerable, and the substitution of Celeste Holm for Gertrude Lawrence in "The King and I" and Maggie McNamara for Barbara Bel Geddes in "The Moon is Blue" is not liable to have much effect on these shows. On the other hand, Broadway has had this season an unusual number of unstable productions, where the special quality of the acting has been rated more highly than the play itself, and the making of cast changes in these has been a difficult decision for the managements concerned.

—Larry Fried.

Eddie Dowling — "gives 'Paint Your Wagon' charm, pace, and atmosphere."

Jose Ferrer, who has transformed megalomania from an undesirable mental affliction into a commercial asset, decided to close the Pulitzer Prize-winning "The Shrike" rather than risk a poor substitute who might have destroyed the play or a good substitute who might have destroyed the myth of Ferrer's own indispensability. Gilbert Miller did the same with "Gigi" and his decision precluded any further evaluation at this time of the exciting but scarcely formed talent of his newly discovered star, twenty-two-year-old Audrey Hepburn.

Gertrude Macy and Walter Starcke brought in relatively unknown Barbara Baxley to take over the Julie Harris role in "I Am a Camera," and while the shortcomings of this newcomer's performance serve to remind one of the virtues of Miss Harris, the play has also suffered a strange benefit. Miss Baxley has taken Sally Bowles down off the pedestal by playing her as an overemotional bobby-soxer off on a spree of pseudo-Bohemianism. As a result, the focus of the piece shifts to the character of Chris. Where he previously had seemed little more than an appreciative chorus for the "extraordinary" Sally, he now appears to be a developing character who grows up through the gradual discovery that his worship of Sally is a wasteful adolescent relationship. "I Am a Camera," in its summer form, has become less rare and unstable, and while I doubt that Mr. Isherwood would approve, it does make more valid his claim [*SR* Apr. 12] that there is a plot to the play.

Cheryl Crawford, whose production of "Paint Your Wagon" originally seemed to waste a strong score, some blood-surging dancing, and a great deal of theatrical ingenuity on the overlong telling of a virtually motionless saga, attempted to make a virtue of necessity and correct this situation when it replaced the departing James Barton with Eddie Dowling. Mr. Barton's prolonged

—John Erwin.

Barbara Baxley—"has taken Sally Bowles down off the pedestal."

vaudeville antics had provided a much-needed light comic relief in the heavy proceedings and there were some who felt that the musical would be unbearable without his strong personal contribution. However, Mr. Dowling, while he is not as funny or as robust as the salty old trouper, manages to give a shorter, softer, and more submissive performance. He gives "Paint Your Wagon" some charm, pace, and atmosphere to compensate for its lack of momentum and makes it better than the original.

"The Fourposter," which fitted Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy so perfectly, proved a bed of Procrustes for two of Broadway's most talented stars. Burgess Meredith, whose Marchbanks will always remain a high point in my theatre-going experience, tends to make the pathetically humorous reminiscences of marital living into a series of crude escapades. He seems an actor badly out of training, performing in awkward separate movements action that Mr. Cronyn had accomplished in single perfected sweeps. Betty Field is more graceful and adept, but somehow she seems less sheltered and illusion-filled than her predecessor. The status of the bed has fallen from that of a temple to that of a theatrical prop.

For the ardent theatre-goer the chance to revisit all three of these productions with their new cast changes is a rich opportunity. Not just that it provides a basis for comparison, but because only by seeing a play being given competent but different

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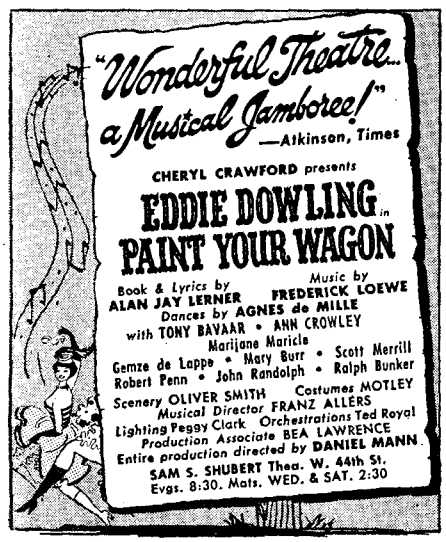
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performances can we come to know it as a man knows the essence of another man only by seeing him both at his worst and at his best. In this way worship becomes tempered with understanding, which is, I guess, a real function of the theatre.

—HENRY HEWES.

Drama Book Notes

ROMANTIC COMEDIES. By Ferenc Molnar. Crown. $4. A collection of eight of the lesser plays by the late Ferenc Molnar (1878-1952), all written between 1929 and 1946. While none of them matches his best plays of an earlier period, they are, nevertheless, highly playable, given the kind of expertness and worldly charm one associates with the actors of Vienna and Budapest. They reveal, too, the great Hungarian playwright's attachment to a world where nothing is quite so important as knowing which brand of champagne to order, and nothing so pathetic or minor as a money-grubbing middle-class domesticity. However, only in the final play of the book, entitled "Game of Hearts," did Molnar break down and express his personal loneliness in a neurotic world where men and women no longer waltz in beauty and in grace, and from which he must have felt himself spiritually disassociated many, many years before his actual parting.

LEGEND OF LOVERS. By Jean Anouilh. Translated by Kitty Black. Coward-McCann. $2.75. This is a slightly bowdlerized and considerably abridged version of the famous French playwright's variations on the Orpheus-Eurydice theme. The play when produced on Broadway earlier this year, failed partly because of these omissions which left the author's intent unclear. Whether Anouilh's fuller and rawer text would have succeeded is a moot point. Much more certain, however, is the notion that when a book represents itself as a translation, it should include the complete and accurate content of the original, if only in footnote form.

DRAMA, ITS COSTUME AND DECOR. By James Laver. Studio Publications. $5.75. A scholarly work which traces the trappings of dramatic presentation through seven phases, Magic or Incantation, Religion or Symbolism, Décor or Baroque, Literature or Romanticism, Science or Realism, Psychology or Expressionism, and finally back again to Magic, but this time through Psychoanalysis and Propaganda. —H. H.

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SR Goes to the Movies

HAPPENINGS IN HADLEYVILLE

THE sun was high and hot in Hadleyville the day Ben Miller rode into town. He had two friends with him, just as rough-looking as himself, and they'd come to Hadleyville to meet the noon train. Ben's brother, Frank Miller, was on that train. Well, it was enough to send the little Western town of Hadleyville into a real lather, for all the citizenry knew what Frank's coming back meant. It meant that Frank Miller had been pardoned from his sentence of life imprisonment. So it looked like Frank had gotten away with murder again, and there wasn't much doubt that he was coming back to Hadleyville to settle matters with the man who sent him to prison, and who thought he'd put him away for good. That man was Will Kane, marshal of Hadleyville, getting on towards middle age now, and just about to retire and settle down with his pretty young wife. He was turning in his marshal's badge that very day, in fact, and the wedding was just taking place as the hooves of Ben Miller's horse clattered through the town, heading towards the station where the noon train would arrive in an hour or so. The judge who'd done the actual sentencing of Frank packed his bag fast. *He* wasn't going to stay around. But marshal Will Kane was. With Frank Miller coming back there was this one last official job to do, and the chances were he'd be killed doing it, but he just had to stay, all the advice of the townspeople, and the entreaties of his bride, to the contrary.

This is some of the substance of a new Western called "High Noon" (United Artists), and if it sounds a lot like a good many other Westerns that have cluttered up the screen, don't be dismayed. It's one of the finest of the type ever made, fit to put on a pedestal next to "The Ox-Bow Incident," "Stagecoach," and "Red River." You're on swampy ground when you argue in favor of one Western over another; the good ones somehow have an even more ritualistic nature than the mediocre and the bad. They must all lead inevitably to the final gunfight, in which the basically good triumphs over the basically wicked. The atmosphere of violence is clothed in a kind of drawling, easy-going foreboding. The pattern is generally as set and as conventionalized as in a Japanese Samurai film, but within the framework variations are always possible. But it is the way in which one may manipulate the variations that has attracted some of Hollywood's best people to the form. One, quite possibly, may be both artistic and commercial with a Western.

"High Noon" is a Stanley Kramer production, which amounts almost to a guarantee of its quality, for a Stanley Kramer Western is bound to be an unusual one. The unusualness, in this case, is due to the artfulne s with which Fred Zinneman has directed the picture, and the fine screenplay Care Foreman has written for it. Between them they've used just about every trick in the business. They have generated suspense as calculatedly as an engineer builds a head of steam; they have kept the talk pertinent and to a minimum, and the film, visually, has been put together like a carefully wrought mosaic. There isn't a spare bit of footage in the whole hour and a half that elapses. The shot of the clocks ticking away the fading hour is as important as that of the railroad track stretching away into the hot, dry noon of the prairie, only the wisp of smoke to be seen in the distance.

The cast has been chosen and directed as carefully as any for a Theatre Guild "King Lear." Those bags under Gary Cooper's eyes are essential for the tired, middle-aged marshal he plays; Otto Kruger makes a fine Judge Mettrick; Lloyd Bridges is properly embittered as the deputy who fails to be chosen to fill the marshal's shoes. Why, you'd think they'd all been around Hadleyville for a long time. As the crowning glory of this technique-filled Western there is a remarkable musical score by Dmitri Tiompkin. Always underneath the action one hears the folklike ballad, telling about a brave marshal who, at high noon, did what he had to do. That ballad ought to be hitting the juke-boxes long about now, and Frankie Laine, who recorded it, was heard to give it one of the highest compliments he'd ever been known to give a tune. "That's a bitch of a number," he said about it.

There is, too, what, I guess, used to

Gary Cooper in "High Noon"—"did what he had to do."

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be called, social significance in this movie.

The good of law and order is pitted against the evil of lawlessness, and the issues are clear and simple. The people of the community can decide whether or not the peace is to be kept. They can join with their elected peace-keeper, Will Kane, as they did when they put Frank Miller away, or they can leave him alone, to fight the battle himself, as they do when Frank Miller returns. That last scene, when Kane tosses his marshal's badge into the dirt, at the very feet of the townspeople, carries a lot of impact. You might say, further, that this is a Western with characterization. Why, do you know what Will Kane does when he knows he's going to have to face the Miller gang alone? Sitting there at his desk he buries his head in his arms and *cries*. Who ever heard of that before? He seems just like a real person and so does everyone else in the picture. That's hard to make happen in a Western. Those people I mentioned above—Kramer, Zinneman, Foreman, Tiompkin—they've made a bitch of a movie.

—Hollis Alpert.

SR Recommends

High Noon: Reviewed in this issue.

Ivory Hunter: Kenya Colony, Africa, provides the background for a superior British-made film about animals. (*SR* June 7.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a highly scenic apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Miss Julie: Based on Strindberg, this importation from Sweden is gloomy in tone, sensitive in execution. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies. (*SR* Apr. 12.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Marrying Kind: Matrimony runs a bumpy but witty course as delineated by actress Judy Holliday, director George Cukor, and writers Kanin & Gordon. (*SR* Mar. 22.)

5 Fingers: L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" turned into a spy film that avoids all the usual cliches of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8.)

African Fury: A rather bizarre retitling for U.S. distribution of "Cry, the Beloved Country," with screen script by Alan Paton and starring the late Canada Lee. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

TV and Radio

OPERATION ULCER

THE educational potential of television grows more apparent every day. In the past six months I have witnessed two delicate surgical operations, telecast with instructive commentary by the performing surgeons of the American Medical Association over a coast-to-coast network, and I for one am ready.

Now if somebody will administer the oath of Hippocrates, and get me an MD license plate and a carton of Camels, I am prepared to appear on any TV network performing thirty-nine weeks of operations specializing in the constricted aorta and the stomach ulcer. The program of course to be known as "Insides, U.S.A."

The first operation was telecast over the CBS network last winter. It was a closed circuit affair and was witnessed only by physicians. Having spent most of my waking hours in doctors' offices, I have picked up a good deal of medical lingo and have mastered the art of turning faucets off and on with my elbows. I was readily admitted.

This operation was on a young man of twenty who had been born with a constriction of the aorta—the main artery leading from the heart—which prevented the free circulation of the blood. He had been turned down by life insurance companies and he was quite worried. On the other hand he had been advised against ever getting married. Things have a way of evening themselves up.

This operation was successfully performed in Los Angeles and, by means of two-way communication, surgeons in New York watching their television sets carried on conversations with the operating surgeon on the West Coast.

"It looks pretty well from here in New York," the kibitzing physician said.

"Thank you very much, George," replied the operator from a small microphone hidden in his mask. "You have been a source of great comfort and solace to me."

As he continued slicing, the surgeon said: "There'll be no difficulty putting these two ends of the aorta together." To which he quickly added, "One shouldn't talk like that at this stage of the game. At least I hope so."

The patient said nothing.

The second operation took place last month. A sixty-year old man was being operated on for ulcer of the stomach. This was telecast publicly, also under the auspices of the AMA. It was a three-hour operation to remove half the patient's stomach, but the program was cut to thirty minutes due to the high blood pressure of the sponsor whose program followed. However, I paid close attention, made notes, absorbed the technique, and when the telecast was finished came away with the feeling that television had been most instructive; incisively instructive. I had now decided that this would be my undertaking. An unfortunate choice of words perhaps, but oh well!

What other purpose could there have been for this telecast? Certainly they weren't showing us what to do till the doctor comes. Or there could have been another reason. Wonder

drugs were moving well. Vitamin pills were going fine. Even chlorophyll had caught hold. This was the season to push operations. However, if that was their purpose their selling talk was by far too subtle for popular television consumption.

I prefer to think that television has been educational in bringing us these operations. I can't wait to get started on my program. I have collected thirty-nine patients on whom I am now prepared to demonstrate my newly acquired skill. I was able to find only one constricted aorta, but being acquainted with many executives in the television networks and the advertising agencies I have dozens of ulcers ready to participate.

One of them is an executive who turned down "I Love Lucy." He has a beauty!

—Goodman Ace.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

GUIDE TO THE GUIDES

THE greatest emigration of American tourists ever to leave home in one year will be able to choose from perhaps the longest shelf of travel books ever accumulated. One of the unworldly wanderer's biggest problems, aside from how to keep from getting stung in Saragossa, is how to choose the book that's going to talk to him in a way he finds enjoyable, and tell him the things he really needs and wants to know.

The trouble is that reviews of travel books appear on the book pages, a section of the newspaper frequently not frequented by the bulk of the literate population. Moreover, the reviews are sometimes assigned to chair-borne reviewers who have no way of knowing how the book works in the field. Or they are given to professional travelers, men who spend half the year tracking across the desert in tan shorts searching for a buried tomb, and the other half of the year chugging around the lecture circuit at home telling about it. This species of burnished Quixote couldn't care less whether the second-class hotels in Rome usually furnish soap, a fact of dire importance to a dowager about to wing eastward from the fastnesses of Montclair, N. J. Finally, the vending of travel books is both slow and seasonal, and the bookseller is usually much more anxious to unload whatever is on hand rather than tailoring the type of travel book to the customer's personality.

For the benefit of those leaving the homestead during the coming weeks, there first is the out-and-out guidebook, typified in the old days by the red-bound, fact-plump Baedeker. These books are virtually catalogues of the museums, inventories of the standard views and excursions. A hallmark of the out-and-out guide was the maelstrom of abbreviations which splattered its pages like caviar thrown on a fan. The new Baedeker, of which four titles have been published by Macmillan, cheerfully avoids this traditional pitfall. Unfortunately today's tourist moves around to many places and the titles are not going to be too much use to anybody: "Frankfurt and the Taunus," "Munich and its Environs," "Bavaria," and "London." Few trips today are that specialized.

The old Baedeker-style guides are available here in two versions, one called the "Blue Guide," edited by Russell Muirhead and distributed by Rand-McNally, and the other called Guide Bleu (English Series) put together by Nagel and distributed by Crown. The chief drawback is that both series are expensive in the United States.

Secondly, there is the readable-and-informative guide, a new type which has emerged since the war, based largely on the theory that facts don't have to be dust-dry and that Americans might not be altogether as interested in Europe's old stones as the Baedeker brethren tacitly suggested they should be.

Thirdly, there are the background books that tell of the people, the heritage, the history, the tradition, the customs, sometimes even the food without going into such specifics as hotels, restaurants, and downright tourist information. Typical of the genre is the World in Color series (McGraw-Hill) of which the latest, on Scandinavia, is a delightful, lovely-to-thumb-through book full of color plates and topped off with a whimsical dictionary of peculiarities of the northern lands.

Finally there are the accounts of personal travels of which Dane Chandos's "Journey in the Sun" (Doubleday), recently reviewed in these pages, is a prime example. If you would rather read, narrative style, how someone else did it, then this type is for you. While giving no how-to information, personal chronicles do have a way of instructing the reader by a method that is frequently painless and sometimes pleasant.

Reviewers and periodicals have not always discharged their responsibility to the reader (*i.e.* the potential traveler) by failing to evaluate travel books on the basis of their usability or readability. Several weeks ago *The New York Times* printed what I took to be a seasonal assessment of travel books titled "Baedeker Again Points the Way." Written by Robert Payne, the piece took a page of the paper's *Book Review* to intone against: 1.) "today's perverse demon who demands that guide books be amusing . . ."; 2.) "harassed husband and wife teams"; 3.) youth and artless excitement in travel books; 4.) modern guide books.

At first it seems that Mr. Payne likes Baedeker best of all. Speaking of the gentleman from Leipzig, he writes, "If he approved of the hotels, restaurants, and roads, then you knew that his approval derived as much from his scholarship as his excellent taste." But midway along in the treatise a new contender appears. "Perhaps, after all, the best guidebooks are those which are no more than enthusiastic and "unpretentious accounts of a journey into a beloved country," says Mr. Payne, author of "Journey to Persia" (Dutton), an unpretentious account of beloved Iran.

He chooses as a notable example Bernard Wall's "Italian Life and Landscape" (British Book Centre). "The book is full of quotations from the poets, and subtly evocative. He has the English sense of the past living into the present," says Mr. Payne, an Englishman living in the United States.

"There are probably deep-seated reasons why good guide books on foreign countries are rarely produced," Mr. Payne states. "In the end we may find that the best guides of all are books of photographs. . . ."

BY THIS time we have come full circle, from Baedeker, mass-producer of facts, to the picture book which has not only no facts, but virtually no text. It may seem as if Mr. Payne's circle is an aimless one, but in effect the out-and-out guidebook and the picture book have one thing in common: neither requires a reader. The Baedeker-style book is for consulting, as one consults an encyclopedia; the picture book is for browsing, for inciting dreams, and stirring nostalgia—effortlessly. Mr. Payne, who has said that his favorite places are Bali, Athens, Pekin, Paris, Sikra, and Windermere, is a man who turns out about four books a year. For a man with such a busy schedule picture books and reference books are made to order.

Strangely, Mr. Payne likens a new series called Fodor's Modern Guides (David McKay) to the old Baedekers, and says that with more careful editing they may yet take Baedeker's place. Fodor has edited a series of

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sectional guides to Europe, printed in Holland on inexpensive paper, and sold here at prices substantially below the retail cost of the home-grown item. Various chapters are contributed by journalists who are living abroad. At least three contributors are themselves the authors of recent guidebooks competing with the Fodor effort. Some of the Fodor books, notably the one on Benelux, is supported by advertising. All of them are loosely edited, permitting the price of a hotel in Masstricht, Holland, to be given in shillings; another in florins is dutifully translated into pounds. Somebody named Nel Slis tells of the purchase of "really Dutch souvenirs" including a genuine Chippendale table. Some of the books, especially those with short chapters by George Mikes, manage to be amusing, a fact which would have disenchanted Mr. Payne had he run across the passages.

Of all the traps to which a travel writer is vulnerable the most important and least discussed by the reviewer is the maintenance of the writer's objectivity. A clever governmental tourist office which rolls out the long red rug will often produce printed castles where only slums exist. Conversely, a snub will bring down the wrath of invective. The New York correspondent for the London *Daily Express* recently made the front pages of his paper at home with a story about the new edition of "Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe" (Sloane). The book, a sort of "Europe Confidential" for tourists, states that the London headquarters of the British Travel Association "vies with its Italian counterpart as the least alert and most badly managed on the Continent." The blast derives largely from the ineptness of an individual who occupied himself fouling up correspondents, this one included, until he was relieved two years ago. Either Fielding hasn't cooled off, or the section went unedited, but whichever, it is no concern to the tourist.

Fielding's is getting fatter by the year, having grown from a handy 427 pages in 1948 to an unwieldy 716 pages in 1952. Some of this added weight is new material, but too much of it is a wordy index to the personalities of the governmental tourist bureau officials and public-relations personnel of airlines.

THE only other up-dated, all-inclusive guidebook in the stalls this season is Richard Joseph's "World-Wide Travel Guide," (Doubleday), which skims through all the countries anybody is likely to visit. Joseph's all-country guide and his new "Your Trip to Britain" have been weighed by other reviewers in this space during the preceding weeks and both were found to be reliable, detailed, and often pleasant works. The opinions were not sustained by Mr. Payne, who found Mr. Joseph possessed of a "monumental capacity to wisecrack," and was moved to question the authority which travel writers assume in undertaking the creation of a guide book. "Insensitive to the moods of the countries they visit, determined to complete their travels within the margin of the publisher's advance, taking their cues from the advertisements of steamship companies and the airlines, they flood the market with their works," wails Mr. Payne.

At press time there was no move from Washington suggesting that the writers of travel books shall hereafter be licensed. Some writers reached by this department said they were going to keep on taking their cues from steamship companies and airlines, because the most reliable surveys indicated that it was by these means that the majority of travelers were reaching foreign shores. As for Mr. Payne, he has headed west to prepare the first of three travel books which shall shortly flood the market. They shall be called "The Splendor of America," followed by Europe and Asia. They will discuss not only scenic beauty, but little people who are doing great things. For news of the soap situation in the second-class hotels of Rome, the matron from Montclair will have to look somewhere else.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Travelers' Tales

TIBETAN SKYLINES. By Robert Ekvall. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. By the Sacred Books of Tibet!—as vow the Tibetans—this is a worthy and a noteworthy narrative. It is more informative than Suydham Cutting, Theos Bernard, Lowell Thomas, and Alexandra David-Neel laid end to end, and vastly more entertaining. It is written by an American missionary run wild, a good man and devout, but with a touch of piracy to offset the piety in him.

The good deeds of missionary Ekvall are accomplished without fanfare. He patches wounds, arbitrates feuds, teaches his braves (many of them monks) to box. He is the true explorer-missionary that David Livingstone might have been, had he had more tolerance, a sense of humor, and a lot more derring-do.

Mr. Ekvall spent seven years in Tibet with his wife and son, spoke the language, mediated between invading Chinese armies and the fierce lamas. As a very active partisan with bonzes of rival lamaseries he went riding hell-bent across the 12,000-foot mountains to investigate an incidental murder. Up they went, "where the sorcerers were chanting curses and casting spells to perplex the men of Rzakdumba," spinning prayer wheels, drinking buttered tea with yak hair in it.

His Tibetan friends are cut sharply in bas-relief above his pages. The peasant romances, the pilgrim marches of sworn silence to Lhasa, the slicing of the dead for the vultures, the grim businesses occurring in the "blackness of blackness" when winter killed even the stars, the ragged bandits on the ridge, the dainty purchasing of protection, the torture and charity of this strange land, are graphic.

CHINA TO CHITRAL. By H. W. Tilman. Cambridge University Press. $4.75. If ever better travel books are written in the lifetime of H. W. Tilman, it will probably be he who will write them. This is his best book since the "Ascent Of Nanda Devi," which was consummate good writing. "China to Chitral" has neither the bold innocence of Thor Heyerdal nor the exquisite prose of Isak Dinesen, but it is a fine, galloping account of a scientist's very serious and very humorous adventures in country unknown to most explorers, Chinese Turkistan.

Tilman states in his preface: "My theme is mountains, unsullied by science, and alleviated by Chinese brandy." There is little question of his being one of the master mountaineers of our time, an old Everest addict, followed closely by Shipton who again accompanied him on the journeys of this book to two unclimbed peaks north of Kashmir.

His modesty is shocking, his true wit, page by page, ebullient and delightful. Mr. Tilman crossed China by bus, which really scared him—the hardy mountaineer—stopped at the "Inn of the Overlapping Teeth" at Camul where, according to Marco Polo, "men are made wittols of by their wives," climbed his azure mountains among hostile Kazaks, Kirghis, Turkis, shared his knowledge with them, since they were dwellers at a mere 10,000 feet and he, the alien, had brought them to 17,000, where they nearly perished.

Occasionally he descends to wondrous and appalling Oriental meals where there was probably "death in the pot." He describes appetite, emotion, mountaineering, with scientific exactness, dramatic heave-ho, and the best sheer writing and spirit of any explorer in many a day.

—HASSOLDT DAVIS.

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THE LIBRARIES

(*Continued from page* 10)

there is no library in your community, conversations with members of men's service clubs, women's clubs, and P-TA should lead to action. Then there is the recently revised handbook, "Friends of the Library Groups," by Catherine J. Butler whose enthusiasm brought the Friends into being in Homestead. This handbook is available for $1.50 at the headquarters of the American Library Association, 50 East Huron St., Chicago 11, Ill.

If you shrink from the thought of "another organization," it would be well to remember that the purpose of Friends of the Library is remarkably adaptable to individual needs of different communities. Dues are usually small—in fact, the San Francisco Public Library's Friends pay no dues at all—for it is interest that counts. Meetings can be many or few, at stated intervals or called when they are needed. But the value of Friends to the community is shown by the rapid growth both in the number of groups and in the size of the existing groups. In Malverne, L. I., the Friends have grown in ten years from a charter membership of twenty to 357 families, while the town of 8500 is about twice the size it was ten years ago. The same story is told wherever Friends meet, and each year sees the formation of new groups.

If your library has Friends, you know how lucky your community is. If it has none, you can do something about it.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 472

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 472 will be found in the next issue.

TRY K YTAMPH EBNACPK: LB

OBCN DHYR KSL YBAHDBLO

ATXGR PTQH TR.

—LBNBRGO DKQHN.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 471

Joys are bubble-like: what makes them bursts them too.

P. J. BAILEY.

NEW EDITIONS

THE Grove Press, 59 West 9th Street, New York City, is importing from London the gaily bound, clearly printed Zodiac Press library of English novels. Of titles now available, I have seen only four—George Eliot's "Middlemarch" ($2.50), Charlotte Brontë's "Villette" ($1.75), Trollope's "Dr. Thorne" ($2), and Jane Austen's "Northanger Abbey" ($1.75). Until recently I would have said that I yielded to no one in my admiration for George Eliot's masterpiece, and readers of New Editions have seen this admiration amply expressed; but now that a professor of English literature, Geoffrey Tillotson, has gone so far as to assert that one could overrate "Middlemarch" only "by saying that it was easily the best of the half-dozen best novels of the world," I must step down and content myself with murmuring more modestly that it is a great novel, one of the glories of English fiction, instinct with life, animated by a sure knowledge of mankind, and explosive with human drama. In "Villette", Charlotte finally came to grips with a personal experience—the major episode of her life—that she had approached tentatively in earlier novels. She also permitted her creative genius to be hobbled by fact, gave the world an exasperating heroine, and scored a failure that occasional merits cannot redeem. "Dr. Thorne" has always been, and must always be, a prime favorite of Trollope's readers. Hero and heroine belong with his best; Sir Roger Scatcherd is one of his most vigorous, Miss Dunstable is one of his most amusingly likable, the good doctor is one of his most engaging characters; and the plot is among his most satisfactory constructions. "Northanger Abbey," which was begun to poke fun at the terrors of Mrs. Radcliffe, is the least considerable and least expert of the six sacred books that compose the gospel according to St. Jane, but it is entertaining, and its comparative crudity serves to point up its author's more finished performances.

Gerard Hopkins has made an excellent translation of Zola's "L'Assomoir," under the title of "The Dram-Shop" (British Book Centre, $3.25). This relentless story of human disintegration and degradation drives home the truth of George Eliot's dictum that "character is not cut in marble. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do." In "The Dram-Shop," incidentally, we follow the youthful development of Nana, most flamboyant of literature's prostitutes; and, in the same pages, George Moore, author of "A Mummer's Wife," went to school.

Stendhal's "Lamiel"—now published in an English translation by T. W. Earp (The Direction Series, $2)—is deservedly famous, perhaps, for the exclamation of its heroine, uttered after she has paid a virile country bumpkin to introduce her to the mysteries of love: *"Comment! ce fameux amour, ce n'est que ça?"* But the injudicious praise that has been heaped upon this unfinished novel, which exists only in contradictory drafts, with its chronology in a fearful muddle, is proof of the pious folly to which Beylistes are devoutly moved.

"The Essential T. E. Lawrence" (Dutton, $3.75), edited with an introduction by David Garnett, contains representative selections from the writings of the strangely gifted Englishman who wrote "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," and who, at the age of eighteen, was already instructing his younger brother in the niceties of archaeological excavation.

Anyone looking for a helpful historical, critical, and bibliographical guide to English literature will find it in "Introductions to English Literature" (Dover, 5 vols., $3 each), produced under the general editorship of Bonamy Dobrée. Three of the five volumes are now available in this country—"The English Renaissance. 1510-1688," by V. Sola Pinto; "Augustans and Romantics, 1689-1830," by H. V. Dyson and John Butt; "The Victorians and After, 1830-1914," by Edith C. Batho and Bonamy Dobrée. Each volume is divided about equally between introduction and bibliography, the object of the first being "to give the student some idea of the soil out of which the works of literature grew, so as to be able to grasp with fuller understanding the books mentioned in the Bibliographies." Altogether, an admirable work.

—BEN RAY REDMAN

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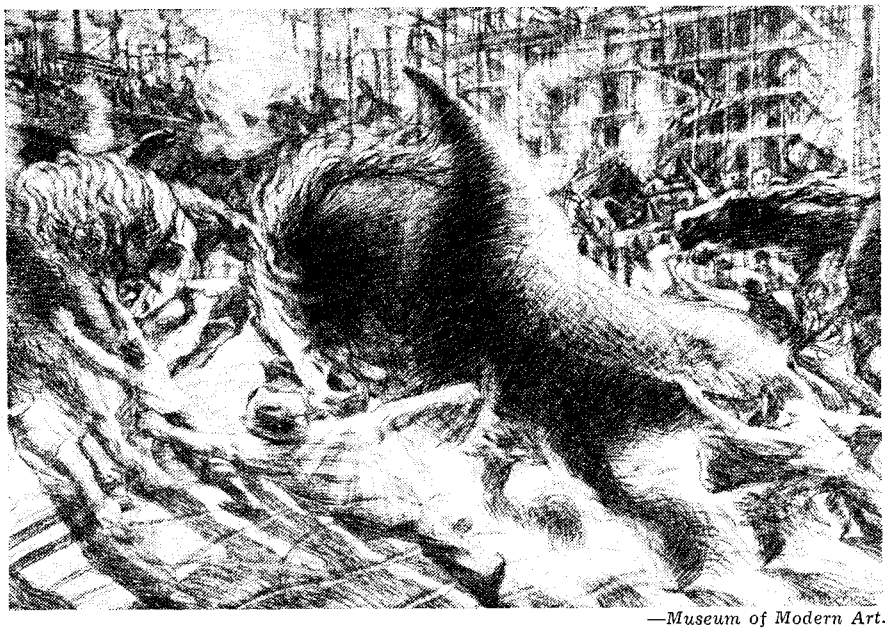
THE FINE ARTS

THE PROPHETIC PAINTER

IN EIGHTEENTH- and early-nineteenth-century "Gothick" tales of horror, as their readers will remember, oil paintings often played important dramatic roles. Portraits especially took direct part in the lugubrious plots, coming to life inexplicably on their owner's walls, issuing pronouncements of omen and threat, revealing secrets long lost with the dead. And though we now think of such goings-on as a form of literary conceit, the fact remains that pictures do at times have an uncanny ability to foretell events not yet at hand. This is true even of "modern" paintings, popularly supposed to have little relationship to outer reality. I think in particular of two twentieth-century Italian works—Giorgio de Chirico's "Portrait of Guillaume Apollinaire" and Umberto Boccioni's "The City Rises."

De Chirico's portrait, of which Pierre Roy's woodcut is here illustrated for purposes of clarity in reproduction, was painted in 1914. Apollinaire had already called the young and unknown Italian artist "the most astonishing painter of his generation," and the portrait, still hanging in the poet's Paris apartment which his widow has maintained since his death in 1918, was presumably executed as a gesture of friendship and gratitude. It is, of course, a symbolic image, the foreground filled by a classic statue wearing dark glasses and by those toy molds which appealed irresistibly to the painter's fantastic turn of mind. Apollinaire's Medicean profile appears only as a silhouette seen through a background window. The poet's head is encircled by a white line, and the artist's own drawing of the subject includes a second, much smaller circle, the size of a bullet hole, above the first. Two years after the portrait was painted Apollinaire, serving in the French artillery on the Western Front, was wounded in the head by a shell fragment. The wound made necessary a trepanation which led ultimately to the poet's death. Apollinaire's head was swathed in a bandage whose size and shape, as seen in photographs of him as a convalescent, are amazingly similar to the encircled area in his portrait.

The story of De Chirico's prophetic image has often been told by the surrealists, who naturally were interested in this evidence of a painting's supernatural powers. But no less remarkable, if far less well known, is the story of Boccioni's "The City Rises," to my mind the greatest single painting achieved by the Futurist movement and, more than that, one of the major works of modern art as a whole (see illustration).



—*Museum of Modern Art.*

"The City Rises," by Umberto Boccioni.

As in the case of De Chirico's portrait of Apollinaire, Boccioni's picture relates, in the prophetic sense, to World War I and death. It was painted in 1910, an astonishingly early date for so authoritative a summary of much of the Futurist premise. Its principal technical source was the neo-impressionism of older Italian artists like Grubicy, Previati, and Segantini, whose pictures Boccioni would have known through his teacher, Giacomo Balla, at that time himself a neo-impressionist ("divisionist" variety), later perhaps the chief mentor of Futurist experiment in art. But we are not here concerned with technique so much as with meaning. And in terms of iconography "The City Rises" is an extraordinarily fascinating painting. It shows the building of a modern industrial city, a theme quite in keeping with the Futurist's elaborate romanticism toward machinery and other appurtenances of our factory age.

In Boccioni's brief, hectic life the horse assumed an emotional importance as great as it had in the career of his brilliant predecessor of a hundred years before, Théodore Géricault. Both men in fact gave their lives to their passion for horses. Géricault died of an abscess hopelessly aggravated by a wild ride; Boccioni was killed in a riding accident whose circumstances are foretold in "The City Rises."

But let us begin at the beginning of the latter story. In the spring of 1916 Boccioni received a furlough from the Italian army in which he had fought as a member of a volunteer cyclist corps. He visited friends at the Villa San Remigio near Pallanza on Lago Maggiore. There he fell desperately in love with Vittoria Colonna (how magic an historic name!), Principessa de Teano. He and she were both extremely fond of horseback riding, and one can easily imagine the excitement of Boccioni, born and reared in humble surroundings, when the Principessa described to him the foxhunts of Rome's aristocracy. But Boccioni was too fervent a patriot to be content with his idyllic life on Lago Maggiore while war raged elsewhere in his country. In June 1916 he joined the artillery, almost certainly because this branch of the army would allow him access to horses.

He rode so constantly that he developed deep and painful saddle sores. He refused to give up riding, and one day in August while cantering alone or, one hopes, with his lady love, rode under a culvert over which at that

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—*Museum of Modern Art.*

"Portrait of Apollinaire," by Giorgio de Chirico.

moment a train passed. His horse bolted. Boccioni, unable to control the animal because of his lacerated legs, was thrown and dragged by the stirrup. He died of head injuries a few hours later in the military hospital at Verona. Those who examine carefully his masterwork, "The City Rises," will discover in the background, beneath a cloud of smoke, a culvert with locomotive. Moreover, to complete the phophetic analogy to this tragic end to the artist's own life, the mammoth horse in the foreground lunges in the general direction of the culvert.

If Boccioni's painting and De Chirico's portrait of Apollinaire are possibly the most conspicuous examples of art as prophecy in our era, they are by no means unique. A famous pre-World War I abstraction by Kandinsky, for example, contains a recognizable cannon, though that painter was then seldom concerned with existing objects as subject matter. Nor did the occasional gift of prophecy die out with the older generation of modern artists. I remember, for instance, asking the younger painter Matta Echaurren around 1940 why his pictures were composed of filmy areas of color that seldom congealed into solid forms. "I see matter as vapor," he said. A few years later the newspapers were publishing photographs of atomic explosions.

I am not claiming, naturally, that painters are more often prophetic of specific occurences than, say, their literary colleagues or even than rare people in more prosaic walks of life. Yet there is a peculiar fascination about visual images that foretell the future. Presentiment is, I think, a phenomenon to which the imaginative power of artists gives an exceptionally disturbing validity.

—James Thrall Soby.

Summer 1952
The VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

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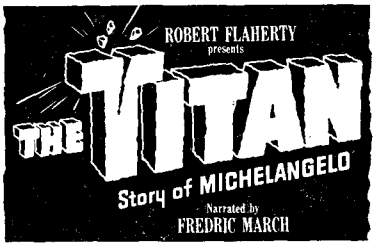

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Light & Literal Lenses

U. S. CAMERA 1952. Edited by Tom Maloney. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 400 *pp.* $6.95.

EUROPA-CAMERA. Edited by Kurt Zentner and Bernd Lohse. Philadelphia: Rayelle Publications. 206 *pp.* $7.50.

By David E. Scherman

"U. S. CAMERA" is a hardy perennial in whose pages are exhibited the "outstanding" pictures of the preceding twelvemonth, together with brief notes on the photographers so honored and the information that the pictures were taken at f.16 at a twenty-fifth of a second with a light yellow filter on Name of Manufacturer film. This is the seventeenth year of publication and though, as usual, it has a few first-rate things almost worth the price of admission, one can't help coming to the conclusion that there are simply not enough exciting pictures made every year to warrant this expensive enshrinement. Nor can one help hoping that the eighteenth, nineteenth, or twentieth appearances of the book, if the thing is to go on indefinitely, will see the elimination of the run-of-the-mine nudes and odd news-shots, and the presentation of some retrospective collections of all-time single masterpieces and picture-stories.

The "U. S. Camera" editors are again heavily indebted to *Life* and the other papers and magazines where good professional photography is a daily chore and not an annual event. This time *Life* and *Du*, a Swiss magazine, share the honors for contributing Schulthess and Spühler's remarkable color panorama of the Arctic Sun, a series of juxtaposed portraits of this midnight orb taken every hour during its daily upward and downward course. There follows a fourteen-page tribute to the redoubtable Phillipe Halsman, a hardworking, imaginative, and modest gentleman who certainly deserves the tributes he has been getting lately, though the rather tiresome details of how he and Salvador Dali arranged seven nudes to look like a human skull is not the sort of tribute I had in mind, though I guess it'll help sell books.

The high peaks in the rather jagged graph are, to this reviewer, Harold E. Foss's infra-red picture of an irrigation canal, Roger Coster's rowdy Montmartre wedding, Ray Atkeson's Oregon snow scene, the photographs from the Audubon Society by Allen Cruickshank and others, the "pure" studies of Harry Callahan, which seemed not only excellent but intelligently laid-out, an amazing 1891 collection of "Chicago Street Types" by a hitherto unknown photographer named Sigmund Krausz, Gene Smith's unforgettable story on his "Spanish Village," a funny pelican by Georges Viollon, a Tokyo blizzard by Senzo Yoshioka that has a haunting Japanese-print quality, four really good landscapes by an Australian, Frank Hurley, and a stunning series of Sahara Desert aerials by Emil Brunner, a Swiss.

In his introduction to the "international section" of "U. S. Camera," the editor observes that the "photograph in Europe, Australia, and Asia is very little different from the photograph in the U.S.A." I don't know about Australia and Asia, but in many respects "Europa-Camera," edited by Kurt Zentner and Bernd Lohse and printed in Frankfurt, Germany, belies this assessment. There is a certain calm simplicity about this first postwar all-European collection that comes as a relief from the slightly hysterical and intensely competitive American product common to "U. S. Camera." The difference is not only in choice of material (with a heavy and understandable European emphasis on nature, beauty, and allied unwarlike and unpolitical themes). It is also one of technique. Almost without exception the contributors, from a dozen lands, are painstaking in their execution of quite simple, uncluttered studies. It's all a little old-fashioned. We haven't seen much of this for a decade—perhaps too much would begin to pall—the dying leaf with backlighting, the foggy street at night, and the other stock cliches. But, as I say, it is at first glance a strange momentary relief.

—*From "U.S. Camera 1952."*

"Triangle," by Fritz Neugass

Editors Zentner and Lohse take an unnecessarily apologetic tone in their foreword which is sort of a review of the undeniably hard times that befell European photography during the war—although they neglect to mention the fact that most of their best photographers were kicked out, to American photography's great good fortune.

Today, to paraphrase their story, increased film supplies and a slow increase in the caloric content of their diet have generated a photographic rebirth; Europe's amateurs and professionals are beginning to feel their oats once again and this book is the first tangible product.

Typical of the work here, outstanding in its own pictorial way but impossible of comparison with Eugene Smith's treatment of the same subject, is Jose Ortiz Echagüe's coverage of Spanish village types. There is highly competent work by men and women of Holland, Germany, England, Denmark, Belgium, Luxemburg, France, Italy, and Switzerland, and the curious part of it all is that there is a unity in the pictures, just as there is a unity about the pictures in this year's "U. S. Camera." The unity may come from the personal prejudices of the editors. Or it may be that to an American reader there is little difference between a landscape in England and one in France. Or perhaps photographic standards and tastes tend to seek their own levels in the culture which nurtures them. The matter holds true even in the methods of picture-reproduction. Both books are excellently printed, but somehow the sharp letterpress of "U. S. Camera" seems to suit the higher-pitched American school while the warmer tones of "Europa-Camera" are better attuned to the quieter, more nostalgic mood of its contributors.

The "Europa-Camera" people point out that their continent was the birthplace of many photographic techniques, principal among them being photo-journalism. They then admit that photographic leadership passed to America with the advent of *Life* in the late Thirties (and the advent here, one might remind them, of such vastly influential German masters of journalism as Alfred Eisenstadt). It will be interesting to see future issues of "Europa-Camera" and to note whether the differences which now exist will widen or, if it's really true we have a fifteen-year head-start, our techniques converge.

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Scarlet Gold of Spain

SPANISH PAINTING FROM CATALAN FRESCOES TO EL GRECO. By Jacques Lassaigne, translated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Skira. 138 pp. 70 plates. $15.

By Walter Pach

IT may not be out of place to refer here to the legend (nearly always a baseless legend) of the man who promised to review a book but who objected to the suggestion that he read it. The point is that the present work is so remarkable for its illustrations that it might be reviewed on the sole basis of these extraordinary color plates. The preceding volumes on art history that the firm of Skira has published set a new standard for efficiency in color printing, especially as regards the greatly reduced scale necessitated by the size of books. This one outdoes its predecessors in the matter of accuracy and attractiveness. Though I retract nothing from warnings I have previously given as to the danger of judging from reproductions, I can state that this volume marks the nearest we have yet come to giving the effect of originals.

Let me assure the reader that I have, however, gone over every line of the author's text—and that it was with profit, for M. Lassaigne has the true believer's enthusiasm for his subject, has kept abreast of recent discoveries by the investigators of early Spanish art, and has decided ideas of his own about the place it occupies in the development of painting.

Yet with all respect for the useful and agreeably written text, the major interest of the book still resides in its illustrations. The reason for that statement is far less a matter of technical excellence in the plates than of the relatively complete unfamiliarity of the originals. The author's opening sentence deals with the fact that, for most people, a knowledge of Spanish painting is to be obtained from a study of El Greco, Zurbarán, Velasquez, and Goya, though there will be a vague afterthought that Spain had some primitives also. The usual route for travelers is from Paris or Gibraltar, with Madrid as the great goal. But Catalonia, omitted from the itinerary of most people, is the *sine qua non* of an acquaintance with the great frescoes dating from the seventeenth century or earlier, and it is often in remote towns or even villages that one must gather an understanding of the arts that flourished before the period of the masters known to all.

This book is more than sufficient evidence that among the early Spanish painters there were very great men. The publications of the Society for Catalan Studies have made accessible the immense art, stemming from Byzantium, which left monumental work in eastern Spain during the Romanesque period. The chapel transported intact to the museum of Boston, and examples of this painting at the Cloisters in New York, give to American art lovers an opportunity to estimate the heights attained by this art. But save for specialists, or travelers particularly well advised about places off the beaten paths of Catalonia, who was to know about the Gothic painting of the country? Ferrer Bassa, who died only twelve years after Giotto, resembles that supreme master in many ways, and seems not too widely separated from him in point of quality and significance. The Italian, however, is known to every student, his works being accessible in Florence, Assisi, Padua, and other places. For the Spaniard there is only a convent at Pedralbes.

As we come nearer our time, the story continues in much the same way. The painter of a peculiarly exquisite "St. Ursula" can be identified only as the Master of Los Marti de Torres, and the altarpiece itself must be seen at the museum of Valencia, where it is a chief work of the school centering in that city; the stupendous "Pietà" of Bartolomé Bermejo—without which no real appreciation of that artist is possible—requires a visit to the cathedral of Barcelona, and so the traveler in Andalusia and Castile, the most frequented parts of Spain, finds that he knows but little more of the early art of the country than the man who has never set foot there. For both of these persons, and indeed for many others, the present book is a veritable treasure.

—*From the book.*

"Philip II," by Alonso Sanchez Coello

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In Paper Covers

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title and Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
AFTER MANY A SUMMER DIES THE SWAN *Aldous Huxley* (Avon: 35¢)	Satiric novel about Hollywood mores, centering about a character—immensely rich and morbidly frightened of death—who resembles the late W. R. Hearst.	Uncommonly clever, provocative novel of ideas.
A MOUSE IS BORN *Anita Loos* (Avon: 25¢)	Another Hollywood satire. Effie Hunter, a ravishing star whose education was acquired in the school of hard knocks, pens a handbook on the "facts of life" for her baby, the "mouse" of the title.	Sly and acid picture of filmdom's lunacies, but not in the same league with Miss Loos's "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
FAR FROM HOME (THE WIND CANNOT READ) *Richard Mason* (Bantam: 35¢)	The romance of a young British officer and a Japanese girl employed to teach the Japanese language to British soldiers between campaigns. The scene: Burma and India.	A fine first novel, marked by freshness, delicacy, and integrity.
IMMORTAL POEMS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE *Ed. by Oscar Williams* (Pocket: 35¢)	An anthology of 447 poems by 154 British and American poets from Chaucer to Dylan Thomas.	A bounteous and on the whole well chosen collection.
LYDIA BAILEY *Kenneth Roberts* (Permabooks: 50¢)	A young Maine lawyer becomes infatuated with a girl's portrait, braves the Haitian revolution and the war with Tripoli for love of her.	One of the best works of a modern master of the historical novel.
THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT AND OTHER STORIES *Bret Harte* (Avon: 25¢)	Twelve short stories by one of the great tale-tellers of the Old West. Includes "The Luck of Roaring Camp."	Good representative selection.
THE PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE *Ernest Gébler* (Permabooks: 35¢)	Fictional account of the voyage of the *Mayflower* from England to Cape Cod and of the first winter spent by the Pilgrims in America. Wrought from letters, journals, and histories.	On the whole an absorbingly interesting and faithful reconstruction of the founding of New England.
RIVERS PARTING *Shirley Barker* (Dell: 35¢)	Seventeenth-century New Hampshire and London during the Great Fire are the locales of this chronicle of the Sherlocks, father and son, and their attempts to find suitable callings and helpmeets.	Superior, realistic historical romance.
SCARAMOUCHE *Rafael Sabatini* (Bantam: 35¢)	To avenge the death of a friend at the hands of a wealthy noble, André-Louis Moreau becomes successively a lawyer, politician, swordsman, and buffoon during the French Revolution.	This immensely popular historical romance of the Twenties remains fascinating reading in the Fifties.
TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES *Thomas Hardy* (Pocket: 35¢)	The story of a country girl who was seduced by the man she hated and cast out by the man she loved.	Probably Hardy's best novel, certainly one of the great modern tragedies.
THE TROUBLED AIR *Irwin Shaw* (Signet: 35¢)	Clement Archer, radio program director, is given two weeks to "clear" or fire trusted employees of charges of Communism loosely levelled by super-patriots.	Brilliantly written scenes and dialogue not well enough integrated to sustain fully the book's important theme.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

SCIENCE

(*Continued from page* 18)

philosophy. But what about the humanistic meanings of science? According to the author, it has no immediate bearing on ethics, and possible implications for religion and art are not mentioned. We are left with the romantic notion of science as pure adventure, a conclusion which hardly warrants the brilliant survey of physics that precedes it.

BEGINNING IN ARCHEOLOGY. By Kathleen M. Kenyon. Frederick A. Prager, New York. $3.25. "GEM-STUDDED RELICS IN EGYPTIAN TOMB AMAZE EXPLORERS"—this headline appeared on the front page of the December 1, 1922, issue of the *New York Times.* The world-wide publicity that marked the discovery of King Tutankhamen's tomb has put archeologists on the spot ever since. Reporters looking for another "King Tut" have either ignored work of lesser magnitude or else hailed it out of all proportion to its true importance.

Meanwhile the science of archeology has developed steadily and Kathleen Kenyon's sober book tells the story of some of its recent technical advances. Miss Kenyon, a lecturer at the University of London, points out that political unrest is affecting archeology along with all other sciences. The prospects for research are pessimistic in Egypt, Greece, Syria, and other nations: "At the present time it is a little difficult to say which countries are open to excavators of classical sites."

As Iron Curtains shut off regions of archeological interest, the techniques for finding traces of past civilizations are progressing rapidly. Aerial photography, for example, has already proved invaluable in detecting promising sites. Developed to a high degree of precision during World War II, it has made possible rapid surveys of large areas. Crops tend to be sparse and stunted over buried walls. Characteristic shadows at sunset indicate the presence of plowed-out mounds, and differences in soil color serve as clues to construction work undertaken centuries ago. The book ably fulfills its main objective —to interest young people in making a career of archeology. It comes at a strategic time, because archeology—and its sister science, anthropology —are beginning to attack important problems that were once the province of philosophy.

—JOHN PFEIFFER.

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THE THIRD MAN

(*Continued from page 8*)

or will not recognize the existence of the problem.

Particularly in the United States will be many who, from misplaced national pride, will deny that our country and our civilization are normally subject to the same inexorable process that has brought about the demise of all their predecessors. America, they will insist, *is different.* Just because Babylon and Carthage fell, they will argue, is no reason why the West should be equally mortal. Who can prove that history will repeat itself?

Anyway, perhaps all peoples of the atomic age are being pushed into repudiating violence. If so, we may soon find ourselves in an Eden without aggressor nations—as the late Sol Levinson, the real author of the Kellogg-Briand Pact outlawing war, assumed, back in the silly Twenties.

PASSIONATE patriots will deny that contemporary Americans are more reluctant than their forefathers to fight, or to make sacrifices in defense of their country and their beliefs. According to them, underneath a veneer of softness, the "old American" is as vigorous as ever, needing only the required provocation to emerge. They will brush off the testimony of people like Cordell Hull and Hanson Baldwin as misleading or malicious. They will conclude that all would be well with America (if not with the entire West) provided only the Calamity Janes would go roll.

As proof they adduce the success of the U.S. Marine Corps in "making men out of sissies." Therefore they prescribe extending Marine Corps training to the entire nation. Return to Spartan living, at least for youth. Put America first! "My country, right or wrong!" Make this the American Century! If only the fittest can survive, then eliminate internationalism and pacifism. Within a generation the United States will be a warrior nation. For it will again consist overwhelmingly of Type One people.

We do not know if something of the sort could succeed. Yet Sparta, Prussia, modern Japan embarked on similar courses with notable results. The United States is threatened from the outside by a powerful coalition of warlike barbarians. Why hesitate to meet them on their own ground?

Now under the present critical circumstances, any suggestion that demonstrates a recognition of the problem (whose existence so many deny) should be welcome. There are, however, objections to the Prussian solution.

In the first place, the mere proclamation of "America first" would so affect adversely our friends abroad that we should have to conquer our allies, as well as our enemies. Today, no political structure, no state can stand alone. Even as marines, 155 million Americans are too few and too weak to stand off a billion Reds.

In the second place, the deliberate reversion to Type One man (supposing that it can be done) leads today to totalitarianism—as Hitler Germany, Imperial Japan, and Red Russia have demonstrated. In becoming a giant hedgehog, the American people would have to sacrifice the personal freedoms that make our society most worth defending. We should have transformed ourselves into the image of the thing we are opposing.

Finally, an American Sparta would be the betrayal of Christian civilization, indeed, of man's ethical development over several thousand years. Re-barbarization, revamped American imperialism, cultivated aggressivity are odious to the best Americans. An attempt to carry them out might hasten, not prevent, the downfall of Western civilization by the hostility it aroused at home. Rather than yield all gentler values, many Americans might prefer national suicide.

Another solution lies in the opposite direction. Instead of making Americans warlike, why not render the rest of the world peaceloving? Woodrow Wilson must have had something of the sort in mind when he urged his countrymen, back in 1917, to "make the world safe for democracy." Wilson assumed then, as some anthropologists do today, that babies come into the world infinitely malleable and that their subsequent aggressivity is the result not of their nature but of institutions. So destroy autocratic institutions, Wilson argued, and the liberated peoples will just naturally live in peace.

IT IS a lovely vision. Arnold Toynbee argues that to escape the ruin that has overtaken all preceding civilizations Western Man must establish social justice and world-government. It seems plausible. Technically, every past society has succumbed either to internal anarchy or external aggression. If you eliminate by social justice the discontent that is allegedly the cause of the first and rule out the second by effective world government, you might expect to avoid historic downfall.

Yet there is a catch here that both champions of social reform and advocates of world government seem to overlook. They have assumed that social justice would deprive people of any motive for insurrection, and enforceable law strip them of the physical possibility of successful revolt.

But would they? Substantially, Rome succumbed not to the violence of the barbarians within and without, but to the growing cynicism, self indulgence, indifference, irresolution, pacifism, and, finally, sheer cowardice, of the Romans. Perfect social justice and a world state under law need not necessarily preclude upheaval if the citizens, for whatever reason, are no longer interested in preserving law and order or willing to take the physical risk involved in so doing. When contemporary Americans, for whatever reason, are passive, the armed thug and the daring criminal can prevail. It need not be otherwise with a country or a civilization. No institu-

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tional changes promise to eliminate the aggressive Type One people altogether. Essential savages show up in the most civilized societies. How prevent them from destroying those societies by violence? So long as one individual ready to use physical force exists, his fellows must avail themselves of counter-force or submit. On this point Toynbee and the other world government advocates have had nothing to say. Any increase in essential pacifism magnifies this danger.

So we reach the unhappy conclusion: if all men belong either to Type One or to Type Two (or a mixture), with Type Two rhythmically, regularly increasing as civilization grows, then our civilization will go the way of its predecessors. In fact, the speed of our decline and fall should be greater than before. Here we reach the end of the road.

But—fortunately—if in addition to these types—the wild and the mild—another type is possible, then the blind alley opens out. When we look closely we find that this is indeed the case. *The Third Man exists.*

Every civilization has contained examples. A few people are courageous yet compassionate, resolute yet gentle, highly individualized yet public spirited, at war with evil yet inwardly at peace with man. While deploring violence, they are serenely ready to meet force with superior force. They know that fighting is a lesser evil than submission or martyrdom. Therefore they can, when necessary, drop an A-bomb, regretfully but without remorse. For as champions of freedom and law, they are able to *act* decisively on the basis of a fifty-one percent preference.

A few such individuals have headed great states—Marcus Aurelius, Saint Louis, Asoka, Skandagupta, etc.

Outstanding Western prototypes are the Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche,* Sir Galahad "whose strength was as the strength of ten," and Abraham Lincoln. In the East the model was Arjuna of the Bhagavad Gita. As a ruling prince whose country was attacked, Arjuna had the duty of defending it. As a pious Hindu, he had a loyalty to non-violence. How reconcile the two? The god Krishna came to his rescue. "Fight," said Krishna, "but without hatred or personal responsibility." So Arjuna fought.

The Third Man exists. The task is to multiply him to the point where his views color our society. Can it be done? Nobody can say in advance. But if it is—as some countries seem to have shown—possible to "re-brutalize" a society by special militarization, then it ought by a different treatment be possible to increase the number of citizens of a better sort.

The modern West, whatever its failings, has unquestionably gone farther toward "social justice" than previous societies. It has recently caught a vision of peace through world government under law. These should make the field favorable for planting.

Another presumably favorable factor is our knowledge of the history of our predecessors, with its regular demonstration of growth and decay. Surely, a society warned in advance of what happens if it does nothing has a better chance of deflecting the normal fate.

SHOULD we make up our minds to try and change the pattern of past history, modern pedagogy seems to be able to influence the pupils' outlook and attitudes. And just because the Russians, like the Germans, use indoctrination to produce psychological cripples and moral monsters is no reason why we should not utilize modern techniques under strict control, to produce demonstrably better people.

Such education would have to be more positive than at present, particularly at the lower levels. It would value liberty above personal security, courage above caution, duty above rights. It would, within limits, consciously stimulate adventure and the rewarding of risk. Above all, it would aim at keeping the West conscious of the unique quality of its values, and stimulate the will to keep them. It would, at least, place less emphasis on comparing our civilization with utopia (to our deteriment) and rather contrast it with other real societies (to our advantage).

Here the skeptic may remark with some acidity that despite nearly two thousand years of Christian education, even that part of humanity most exposed to it has remained singularly un-Christian. Conceivably the Third Man is an accident.

I would concede that if, to save itself, the West had to produce a host of Galahads and Lincolns, its situation would be hopeless. Such people happen along only once in a blue moon. We need not aim so high. We already possess in our midst certain representative groups who, without achieving the Arjuna level, possess some of the needed qualities.

The police who finally cornered and disposed of John Dillinger at the risk of their lives manifested the essential devotion to law and order.

Our best professional officers—Army, Air, Navy, and Marine—habitually manifest an indomitable devotion to patriotic duty. "Ike" Eisenhower manages both to command our greatest armies and to hate war as much as any pacifist.

Yet the good cop and the fine officer,

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BIG SIN *Jack Webb* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Irish priest, Jewish cop team up to prove So. Cal. showgirl's suicide was murder; do so.	Choppily episodic, covers too much ground, but honest performance	Half and half
DEATH IN THE FIFTH POSITION *Edgar Box* (Dutton: $2.50)	Sawed rope lets N.Y. Met ballerina down; press-agent and cops race for explanation.	Other deaths precede dénouement, also willing women, off-beam men	Warm and humid
THE MISSING HEIRESS *Bernice Carey* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Cal. trailer camp agog over retreaded blonde miss until murder spills beans; nice cops work it out, with help.	Ingenious plot, soundly handled; characterization excellent; treatment assured, intelligent	Good
DEATH OF NO LADY *Seldon Truss* (Crime Club: $2.50)	London model marries well, sports too many gems —*pfft:* Yard saves locals from overdoing things.	Ramifications, over-episodicity, abundance of characters combine to confuse reader	Amusing in spots
MAN DROWNING *Henry Kuttner* (Harper: $2.50)	Divorced war vet hits Phoenix, Ariz.; meets ex, countess, count, mugs, king snake, trouble.	Cast overtops story, which drags when narrator works hardest for build-up	Fitsy-starty

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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despite their courage and detachment, cannot become the models of a society that aims at the substitution of law for violence and the individual conscience for group emotion.

The prototype of the Third Man must be not only a citizen selflessly devoted to duty but a visionary planning a better future. We can find him most easily, I think, in the great epidemiologist.

Back in China in 1938, I watched such a man fight cholera. He went about destroying the bacteria systematically, relentlessly, without fuss and feathers and with no regard for personal danger. He did not hate bacilli. He simply destroyed them in the name of a higher life.

His, I think, was the spirit that the West most needs. He is the sort of American who could recruit preponderant international power for peace without danger of relapsing into tyranny or imperialism, and who, having done so, would then work realistically for a world without war.

AND now a final word. To many, all this is bound to appear as alarmist nonsense. They will point to young Americans in Korea who, after a period of uncertainty, have settled down to the grim business of killing with the spirit and efficiency of their forefathers. Yet let those who think that the West has lost nothing of its essential manliness explain why the country—ours—that possesses almost half of the world's industrial potential is *unwilling to make the financial sacrifices necessary to have the world's best air force?* Here is a basic fact of our time—nobody's alarmist theory!

To others it may seem fantastic to be worrying about our civilization's ultimate downfall at a time when avoiding a new world war seems the most urgent task. But it is fantastic only to those who still believe that the present aggressors can be mollified by "fair treatment" or bought off by concessions.

Non-violence is the quickest road to ruin. Reversing the unmistakable trend toward unilateral pacifism (and cynicism, its inevitable complement) is not only essential if we are to avoid armed catastrophe, but if, after escaping conquest, the West is to avert historic downfall. Today only the West has freedom, and if we go, freedom will go with us. If we put the preservation of freedom above peace —most of us still do—then we shall stop "disarming the minds of our youth" and strive rather to steel them in a new and finer way—in the name of whatever gods we worship. We shall consciously develop the Third Man.

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(Continued on page 42)

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BOSTON,MASS. Brick house built 146 years ago, top of Beacon Hill. View of Charles River from bay window. Walled back yard, garden. Five bedrooms, 3 baths, oil heat, 8 fireplaces. $27,000. Box L-56.

QUIET RETREAT Vermont village near Champlain, 90 miles north Albany. Beautiful 7-room Greek revival house; all modern equipment, garden, fruit, shop. Ideal for retirement or writer. Close to post office and stores. $8,000. Wheeler, Benson, Vt.

SIXTY MILES NYC in beautiful Hunterdon Hills, N. J. Early stone house, 8 rooms, 2 baths, expensively remodeled with character retained, oil heat, etc.; 2-story stone barn magnificent as studio, 35 acres, complete privacy. Owner transferred, sacrificing price, $25,750. Telephone Califon 138-R-11 (N.J.) or ORegon 5-8779 (NYC).

BELOW THE SNOW BELT, 10 miles south of Dover, Delaware, is A CITY HOME IN THE COUNTRY which has walnut-paneled library with fireplace, living room with record shelves, dining room, large kitchen, 4 bedrooms, bath, center halls, 2 storerooms, modern utilities, J-M insulation, aluminum storm sash and screen, Holland hot air heat, screened porch, fine shade, old barn, 9.6 acres including 3.5 acres fenced pasture, and excellent reception Washington and Philadelphia FM stations. Unexpected illness forces fourth generation owner to forego planned redecoration and occupy Dover apartment. Price $11,500 for immediate sale to understanding buyer. Telephone Campbell at Felton 3371.

SUMMER RETREAT, 400 miles NYC. Completely furnished house, good condition, barn and garage suitable conversion. 80 acres. $3,000. Write Ethel Ekey, Madrid, N. Y.

NANTUCKET: For sale; attractive efficient small cottage; brick terrace, detached guest room, garage. On protected bay, excellent for sailing. Ocean bathing nearby. $12,500. GLADYS WOOD, Agent, Nantucket, Mass.

For Rent

ATTRACTIVELY FURNISHED CABIN, Maryland woods. Primitive, very livable. $25 monthly; yearly basis. Box L-53.

SIX-ROOM COTTAGE with all modern conveniences, fireplace, lightly furnished, located approximately 5 miles from New Milford, Connecticut. For further information write P. O. Box 11, New Milford, Conn.

For Summer Rental

SHAWANGUNK MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS—rustic cottage; private lake, 2,000-foot elevation, modern improvements. 75 miles from NYC. Rental monthly or season. Telephone MOnument 2-9309 (NYC).

VACATIONS

ANCHORAGE, overlooking harbor—music, art, sports. Maximum comfort, minimum rates. 5 Hawthorne Lane, Gloucester, Mass. Folder.

STUDIO LODGE, Lamoine Beach, Maine. Excellent food, comfortable accommodations, congenial companionship, varied activities, ideal location.

HARRITON'S Forest and Stream LODGE. A small but modern resort in the beautiful Pocono Mountains. Private fishing . . . swimming. Excellent home cooking. Congenial and informal. R.D. 1, Cresco, Pa. Telephone Mount Pocono 6511. Booklet.

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y. Informal adult resort—your choice of activity or inactivity.

SEVEN HILLS—swimming, tennis, boating, movies, free art lessons, records. 5 minutes from Tanglewood. Seven Hills, Lenox 5, Mass.

ARLBERG INN, Laconia 2, N. H. Small, friendly, country inn. Scenic, quiet, restful. Heartwarming hospitality, scrumptious food. $45.50-$49, weekly; meals included. Folder.

LOG CABINS IN THE PINES. Excellent food. Swimming, tennis, fishing. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Trout. Waterfalls. Wooded walks. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont. Telephone 104W3.

TENNIS-MINDED? ART-MINDED? Like walks over fascinating dunes? Fishing—Sailing—Swimming, on Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass. "CAST ANCHOR COURT" ON THE WATER. Telephone 501 or write.

CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Midway to Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Berkshire Playhouse. Secluded lake, swimming, boating, tennis, etc., on grounds. Rustic lodge and cabins. Moderate rates, informal. Folder S.

MOORLAND HOTEL, On-the-Ocean, Gloucester, Mass. . . . modern elevator, theatre, art, sports, cocktail lounge. From $49 weekly. Modified American Plan. Write for Folder S.

LANIER-ON-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Good beds, good food, salt water swimming. Small Inn, rustic cabins. Old world charm. Late June to early September.

HONEYMOON—FIRST OR SECOND—at the ISLAND INN on famous MONHEGAN ISLAND, 10 miles off the coast of MAINE. American plan, from $35 weekly. Booklet.

NAIDNI-ON-DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Join us for your holiday. Good swimming, canoeing, fishing; extra good food. No planned entertainment.

BRIDGE ROAD FARM, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont, offers unusual vacations, home-grown food.

VACATION SUGGESTION—Enjoy Berkshire's cultural activities, scenic beauty. Pre-season rates. Write FESTIVAL HOUSE, Lenox, Mass. Telephone 8107.

MERRIEBROOK. Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

SCRIBNER HILL FARM, Oxford, Maine. Lake, mountains, view, rural recreations.

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY LIVING, excellent food, informal atmosphere, honeymoon cottage on lake front at SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING, West Brooksville, Maine. Peaceful, seaside vacation. Yankee cooking.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal, country life; good food, comfortable beds.

THE WESTTOWN FARM HOUSE, 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Route 926. Why not visit Pennsylvania's beautiful countryside? Excellent meals. Pleasant rooms. In the cultural atmosphere of a Quaker School Campus. Reservations by the week, month, or the year. Marion Weller, Manager, Westtown, Pa.

FENIMORE on Ostego Lake, Cooperstown, N. Y. Horses, tennis, boats, safe swim area. Many sports. Picturesque cabins. Housekeeping or American plan. J. Braider, Manager.

BERKSHIRES, SUN-INSIDE, MONTEREY: where food has the French flavor of deep contentment.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VT. Elevation, 2,000 feet. Excellent accommodations. Private swimming. Sports. Restful. Friendly informality. Delicious meals. Folder.

COLONIAL CHARM, luscious food, casual and intimate—amidst woods and trout stream—swimming, horses, golf nearby—country auctions—summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn. Telephone Litchfield 93W1.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beach, shore drives, beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theatres. THE BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Mass. Booklet.

TANGLEWOOD AND JACOB'S PILLOW CLOSE BY. Swimming and boating from our private beach. Excellent tennis. LP record library. HOLIDAY INN on Laurel Lake, Lee, Mass. Telephone Lee 552.

MERRYMEETING-IN-MAINE, picturesque country INN and CABINS. Mountain view; spring-fed lake for swimming, boating; boat trips and picnics on the sea nearby, square dancing. From $7 daily with meals. Send for picture folders. Duane Doolittle, Box L, Lincolnville, Maine.

BRADLEY INN, Pemaquid Point, Maine. A house of rare simplicity and charm for vacations. Quiet, informal, exceptional hospitality. Rates very reasonable.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 954

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Stiff hairs, in man in the nostrils, in the cat, "whiskers" (anat. and zool.).	2 182 116 143 92 167 126 37 103
B. A founder of Plymouth Colony and governor of it several times.	84 189 4 57 117 98 131
C. Bracelets, esp. in India and Africa.	42 25 7 141 127 1 58
D. Arousing repugnance.	52 160 69 6 79 177 3 140 35
E. Character in "Antony and Cleopatra."	132 36 12 148 47 22 59
F. Obnoxious.	53 18 129 10 173 68 104 146 180
G. Non-Mohammendans; used by Arabs often as term of contempt.	71 152 109 73 49 123 20
H. The supreme court in India.	83 99 93 135 14 75
I. The precursor of thrombin, found in blood plasma (biochem.).	40 13 158 108 38 186 74 54 89 149
J. Tube placed in the bows of a ship for anchor chains to pass through (naut.)	85 176 165 21 142 111 95 119 190
K. Nickname for the state of Washington.	118 151 19 62 122 181 28 56 11
L. A friendly greeting or leave-taking (interjection: colloq.)	183 162 63 67 175 80 23
M. He solved the riddle of the Sphinx.	157 72 105 115 15 133 29

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Executes by hanging.	185 137 17 90 124 30
O. Appellation of statue of Hercules in National Museum of Naples, by Glycon of Athens (1st century B.C.).	156 178 55 136 130 113 106
P. To kill as a sacrificial victim (Brunhild in "Die Götterdämmerung" is a classic example).	33 159 179 139 153 91 96 170
Q. A contagious, often fatal, disease of childhood, now vanishing due to the use of a serum.	61 45 51 169 161 97 172 120 31 184
R. Current Russian-born American violinist.	155 188 32 166 87
S. A fool; a silly person (local U.S.).	50 128 76 114 102 163
T. Pleasing to the taste.	100 70 81 168 88 34 112 5 174
U. A device used by all nations to indicate that a contagious disease is on board a vessel (2 wds.).	150 147 134 44 121 94 191 26 107 171
V. Name of four popes (Latinized).	86 154 64 39 24 43
W. A "crux ansata."	110 82 9 144
X. A rejoinder.	16 46 27 138 65 8 145 101 77 41 60
Y. American journalist and writer (1890-).	164 48 78 66 187 125

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	1 C	2 A	3 D	4 B	■	5 T	6 D	7 C	8 X	9 W	10 F	11 K	■
12 E	13 I	14 H	■	15 M	16 X	17 N	18 F	19 K	20 G	21 J	22 E	23 L	24 V	25 C	26 U	■
27 X	28 K	29 M	30 N	31 Q	32 R	33 P	34 T	35 D	■	36 E	37 A	38 I	39 V	■	40 H	41 X
■	42 C	43 V	44 U	45 Q	46 X	47 E	48 Y	■	49 G	50 S	■	51 Q	52 D	53 F	54 I	55 O
56 K	57 B	58 C	■	59 E	60 X	61 Q	62 K	63 L	■	64 V	65 X	66 Y	67 L	■	68 F	69 D
70 T	71 G	72 M	■	73 G	74 I	75 H	■	76 S	77 X	78 Y	79 D	80 L	81 T	82 W	83 H	■
84 B	85 J	86 V	87 R	■	88 T	89 I	■	90 N	91 P	92 A	93 H	■	94 U	95 J	96 P	97 Q
98 B	99 H	100 T	■	101 X	102 S	103 A	■	104 F	105 M	106 O	107 U	■	108 I	109 G	■	110 W
■	111 J	112 T	113 O	114 S	115 M	116 A	117 B	118 K	■	119 J	120 Q	121 U	122 K	123 G	124 N	125 Y
126 A	■	127 C	128 S	129 F	130 O	■	131 B	132 E	133 M	134 U	135 H	■	136 O	137 N	■	138 X
139 P	140 D	141 C	142 J	143 A	■	144 W	145 X	146 F	147 U	■	148 E	149 I	150 U	■	151 K	152 G
153 P	154 V	155 R	■	156 O	157 M	158 I	■	159 P	160 D	■	161 Q	162 L	163 S	164 Y	■	165 J
166 R	167 A	■	168 T	169 Q	170 P	■	171 U	172 Q	173 F	174 T	175 L	176 J	177 D	■	178 O	179 ■
180 F	181 K	182 A	183 L	184 Q	185 N	■	186 I	187 Y	188 R	189 B	190 J	191 U	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue

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